THE AMERICAN WEST

THE COVER —— He was an old cowboy; his letter was written from that dry camp where a man has accepted what he knows: that the trail ahead drops off the rimrock to the last, lone ford where the Black Burro waits patiently for riders:

My good days were spent between Wells [Nevada] north to what we called the Snake River desert. No one dreamed of the city of Twin Falls or the great irrigation developments around it. But that was 45 years ago last October [1946].

My outfit — the Shoesole — was camped just north of the Idaho line. The heavy work was over. The first snow storm had cleared. I saddled up and told the boss I was going south and would see him next May when the spring roundup started from Rock Creek, Idaho. It was a promise I expected to keep but things did not break that way, and it was not many springs before I found myself tied to a desk — and with a growing family.

Just before the last war I took my car and drove up to the old range. I came back depressed. It was the absence of something intangible but very real — the absence of a feeling of remoteness and everything that remoteness and isolation do to men.

I talked with two or three riders. They were good hands; could ride and knew their work. But these boys knew what Greta Garbo wore and had heard the King of England speak over the radio. It was different in the old days. I knew fellows who had no contact with the outside world except when we shipped beef at Tecoma, or rarely, a passing stranger. And if you cut the track of a strange rider, you generally followed it far enough to decide whether he was passing through or not.

Well, it's no use growing maudlin over old times. The march of time is inexorable and in the American West very fast. But riding is still a good job. A horse is still a horse. And you can see a long way yet in Nevada. If you never have known anything different you probably don't mind the ribbons of asphalt.

These pictures speak eloquently of what his "good days" had given him: the opportunity to commune for a time with that treacherous phantom called freedom.

—W. H. HUTCHINSON

THE

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THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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A wagon pauses beneath the thousand-foot massif of Cañon de Chelly, Arizona, 1904.
(Adam Clark Vroman photograph; from the collection of Robert A. Weinstein)

Remington's "Pecos Bill" set to conquer Cuba.

America's "splendid little war" with Spain in 1898 proved to be something less than splendid for the commander of the United States' Cuban expeditionary force, Major General William R. Shafter. One logistical disaster after another produced appalling confusion, and tropical disease almost wiped out the Army—including Shafter himself—before the Medical Corps learned how to cope with it. The sorry performance of the Army in all but battlefield combat stood as an indictment of a system static and neglected since the Civil War. But personifying its ills, Shafter bore much of the abuse of the yellow press.

That he invited caricature aggravated the problem. A "sort of human fortress in blue coat and flannel shirt," William Randolph Hearst described him. Cartoonists and newspaper satirists could rarely resist the spectacle of the walrus-mustached general hoisting his mountainous frame into the saddle from a specially-built platform and urging his burdened mount forward while a gout-swollen foot, wrapped in a burlap sack, dangled free of the stirrup. . . .

HISTORY REMEMBERS William R. Shafter as a fat old general in Civil War woolens fumbling his way across tropical Cuba while the country laughed at him and mourned for the soldiers he led. But Shafter boasted a prominent, even distinguished career in the American West, when he was known as "Pecos Bill" rather than commander of the American expeditionary force.

Shafter had served creditably in the Civil War as an officer of Michigan Volunteers and had emerged a colonel with a brevet of brigadier general. Cutting and hauling wood—his civilian occupation—held little appeal, and since an act of July, 1866, required certain percentages of commission grades in the reorganized Regular Army to be filled by veterans of the wartime Volunteer service, Shafter applied to his congressman for aid in obtaining an appointment. He thought he rated a major's shoulder straps, but his congressman was pessimistic; even for this modest grade, former generals were competing. As predicted, Shafter failed in his attempt. Then one day a letter arrived enclosing a commission of lieutenant colonel of the Forty-first U.S. Infantry; the candidate selected for the post had declined, and Shafter's name had been successfully substituted.

The Forty-first Infantry was one of six regiments—

'PECOS BILL' on the TEXAS FRONTIER

BY ROBERT M. UTLEY

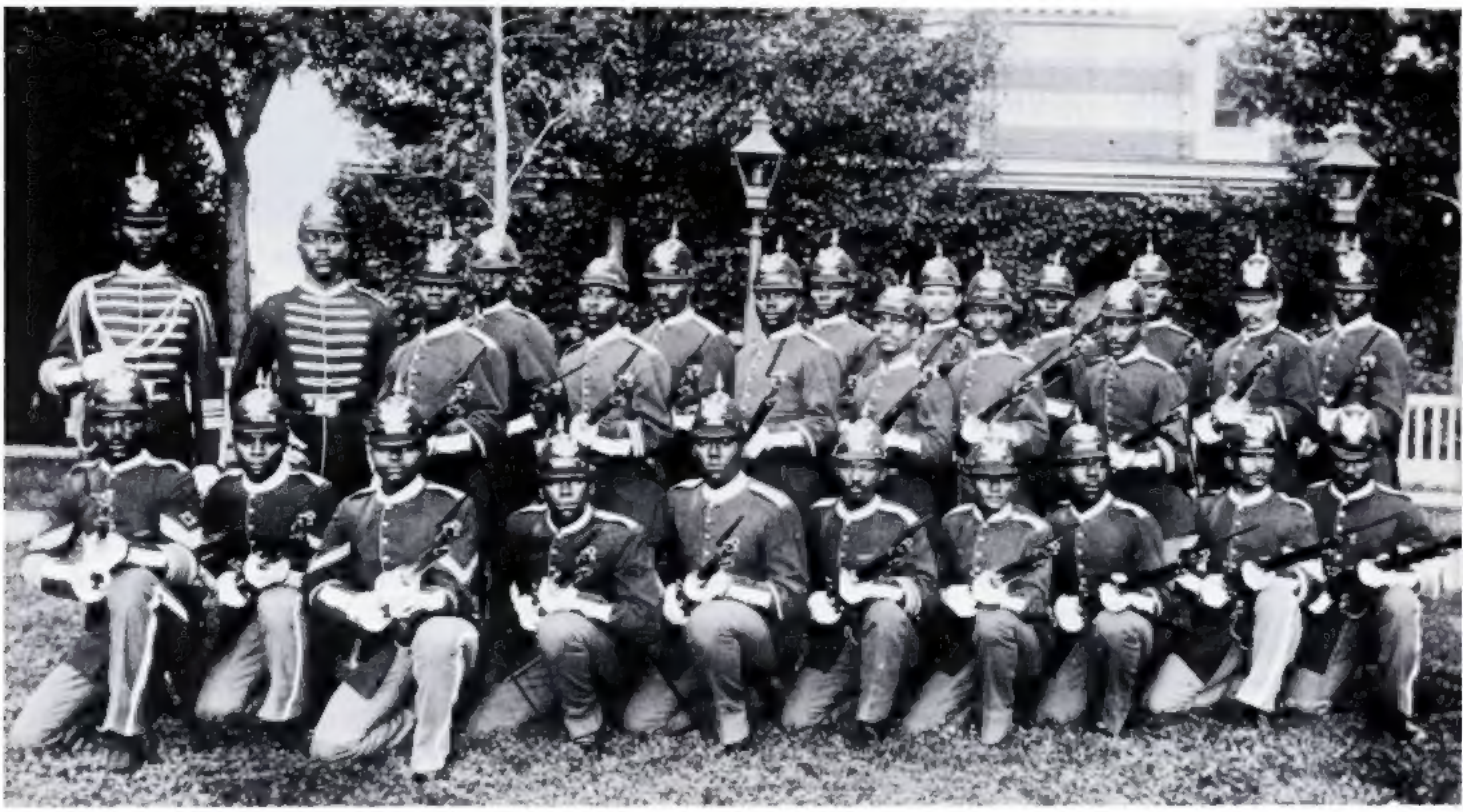
General Shafter of Cuba—goat of the yellow press.

four of infantry and two of cavalry—composed of Negro enlisted men and white officers. The Army reorganization of 1869 reduced the six to four by consolidation of the infantry into two regiments; the Forty-first then became the Twenty-fourth. For three decades the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry garrisoned little frontier forts and pursued and fought hostile Indians. Few in the Army appreciated the irony of using one minority to subjugate another, an irony compounded by the increasing use of Indian scouts to aid the regular soldiery in warring on their own people. Least of all did the black soldiers themselves perceive the irony. They enjoyed full stomachs, a regular if modest cash income, shelter, clothing, and, for the times, an enviable status. They expressed their content with high reenlistment and low desertion rates, in bold contrast to those of the white regiments. Many officers high in the postwar army made no secret of their contempt for the black troops. Discrimination in supplies, equipment, and assignments was the result. But many, too, including the general-in-chief himself, had to admit that the Negro soldiers compiled outstanding records of service on the frontier. Only recently has history begun to give them their due.

As Shafter's sobriquet suggests, he played out his part in the opening of the West largely on the sterile frontiers of Texas—a fate shared with other officers of the Negro regiments. What began as a calculated humiliation of the conquered Texans after the Civil War turned to discrimination against the black soldiers, who were left for nearly twenty years to police the most disagreeable sectors of the Indian frontier—a policy rationalized, perhaps sincerely, by the supposedly superior adaptability of Negroes to hot climates. Shafter spent seventeen years at posts on both the Rio Grande and the Pecos frontiers—Forts Clark Duncan, Concho, McKavett, and Davis—and led his men in campaigns against Comanches and Apaches as well as Mexican desperadoes. Promotion to colonel of the First Infantry in 1879 took him to Dakota, only to return six months later when the regiment received orders for Texas.

Shafter enjoyed the respect, if rarely the affection, of his men and brother officers. Despite a size and weight that would have immobilized most men, he was tough, aggressive, and persevering. One officer remembered him as "fat and very heavy, but nevertheless a most energetic and efficient officer"; another as "the terror of his subordinates—a rough, harsh commander." Coarse, profane, afflicted with barely concealed racism, Shafter still proved an effective commander of Negro troops. In fact, under his lead they wrote some of the most stirring chapters in the history of the West.

Although an infantry officer, Shafter's command usually included horsemen of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry. At the head of these "Buffalo Soldiers" (as the Negro troops were called), he made significant contributions to knowledge of the remote corners of West Texas. "My experience has been that Indians will not stay where they consider themselves liable to attacks," he wrote in 1872, "and I believe the best way to rid the country of them . . . is to thoroughly scour the country with cavalry." He made contact with very few Indians. But perhaps more important in the psychological warfare that figured so vitally in Indian fighting, he showed them that areas previously thought inaccessible to military penetration for lack of water, forage, and fuel could no longer be counted on to afford refuge from bluecoats. Moreover, the information gained about the charac-



Two decades after their formation, the black regiments were full of seasoned veterans. The service stripes worn by these Twenty-fifth Infantry men testify to the high reenlistment rate.

The black troops of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry regiments fascinated artist Frederic Remington. Above, he pictured "Captain Dodge's Colored Troopers" in action.

ter and resources of West Texas enabled the Army to move more knowingly against the Indians and finally smoothed the way for the settlement that quickly followed.

In the autumn of 1871, with two companies of the Ninth Cavalry and one of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, Shafter tested this thesis in the forbidding lands enclosed by the southward sweep of the Rio Grande. Although he flushed no Indians, he found plentiful evidence of Apaches. What was more important, the expedition gathered new facts about the Chihuahuan deserts and mountains.

But it was his performance on the *Llano Estacado,* or Staked Plain, of northwestern Texas that earned Pecos Bill high rank among explorers of the Southwest. For generations this vast table had been the resort of Comanches, Kiowas, and New Mexican *Comanchero* traders —until Shafter's operations in the summer of 1871. With a command of sixty-three troopers hastily improvised from Forts Davis and Stockton, he turned a routine pursuit of Apache horse thieves into a major exploration of the Staked Plain.

For two weeks, searching for the raiders, Shafter and his troopers followed Indian trails that laced the great empty spaces near the southeastern corner of New Mexico. Even the rolling white dunes of the Monahans Sands did not stop him. Long waterless days, wearing to men and horses, brought the command near the threshold of collapse. When an Apache camp was finally located, the occupants easily escaped before the column, straining to approximate a charge, could come within carbine range. But an old woman was left behind, and from her Shafter learned much about Apache and Comanche habits. She also described in detail how New Mexican traders came regularly to the Staked Plain to trade with the Indians, but not until several years later did the

Presidio del Rio
Ft Leaton
Consalacion
San Carlos
Sierrarica
Chiricole
Palos blancos
Tabul
San Vicente
Javah
Saladito
Las Piedras
Laguna de Sta Maria
Laguna de Agua Verde
Oballos
Sanz
Agua Verde
Monclova
Piedras Negras
Eagle Pass
Ft Duncan
San Fernando de Rosas
Rava
Marcos
San Juan
Presidio del Rio Grande
Pyote
Gigedo
San Bernard
Alamo
Zacate
Santa Rosa
Camp Wood
Mt Beaumont
Las Moras Hills
Ft Clark
Ft Inge
Spalmal
Boonesboro
Forked Lake
Espuela Lake
Royal or Lower
Ft McIntosh
Laredo
Nuevo Monterey
Sierras Las Hermanas
Rio Grande
Rio Nueces
Rio Frio
Rio Leona
Rio Hondo
Rio Escondido
Rio Salado
Rio Alamo
Rio Sabinal
Rio Turbio
Rio Blanco
Rio Palos Blancos
Rio Tabul
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Rio Monclova
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Rio Sanz
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Rio Laguna de Sta Maria
Rio Las Piedras
Rio Saladito
Rio Javah
Rio San Vicente
Rio Palos Blancos
Rio Tabul
Rio Chiricole
Rio Sierrarica
Rio Consalacion
Rio San Carlos
Rio Presidio del Rio
Rio Ft Leaton
Rio Alamo
Rio Gigedo
Rio San Bernard

Brigadier General Edward O. C. Ord, commanding general of the Department of Texas from 1875 to 1880.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE *Llano Estacado* campaign, Pecos Bill exchanged the Pecos for the Rio Grande, taking command of the District of the Nueces, with headquarters alternating between Forts Duncan and Clark. Ever since the 1850's, with time out for the Civil War, the river boundary had been the focus of lawlessness and attendant international controversy. On the lower river, below Fort Duncan, cattle thieves and smugglers held sway, perpetrating crime on one bank and taking refuge from the law on the other. Above Eagle Pass and its Mexican neighbor Piedras Negras—the upriver limit of settlement—Mexican Indians, originally refugees from the United States, preyed on cattle and horse herds of Texas ranchers. Congressional committees of both nations had investigated the related problems of upper river and lower river, only to reach partisan conclusions that exonerated their own nationals and lodged sole culpability on the other side.

It was the upriver Indian menace with which Shafter was principally concerned. Until recently the menace had come mainly from Kickapoos, but they had been badly beaten by Colonel Mackenzie at Remolino in 1873, and most had been persuaded to return to their reservations. Now Lipans and Mescalero Apaches caused most of the trouble. The Lipans, rarely mustering more than thirty warriors under the cunning Washa Lobo, usually lived in a village within a dozen miles of Zaragosa. The Mescaleros, about 225 fighting men in four bands, roamed the mountains farther west, south of the Big Bend.

From their desert and mountain lairs in western Coahuila and eastern Chihuahua, the Lipans and Mescaleros slipped across the Rio Grande in parties of five to twenty-five. Circling north of Forts Duncan and Clark, they awaited a full moon before sweeping through the abundant cattle and horse herds along the upper reaches of the Nueces and its tributaries. Any luckless cowboy or traveler who got in the way was left butchered. By hard riding, the raiders could be safely back across the river with their stolen stock before the troops could intervene.

For several years the powerful Texas delegation in Congress had agitated the issue of the border troubles, prodding President Grant and the War Department to assign more troops to the Rio Grande frontier and the State Department to negotiate an accord with Mexico formally authorizing border crossings by troops of both nations in hot pursuit of raiders. Spread too thin for its far-flung responsibilities, the Army could not meet the Texan demands. And the State Department, press as it might, could not induce the Mexican government to seek a concession that, constitutionally, only the Mexican Congress could grant. Political disaster awaited any Mexican executive who openly favored such a concession. The regime of Sebastián Lerdo de Tejada, President after the death of Benito Juárez in 1872, was precarious at best. Over the distant frontier states in the north it exerted little authority. Recognizing its inability to inhibit the raids, the Lerdist government took only such notice of border violations by United States troops as popular sentiment demanded.

Texans had long advocated, and with their Ranger force had practiced, pursuit of raiders into Mexico. In General Ord they discovered a like-minded federal commander. A vigorous, decisive field soldier with a reputation for physical prowess ("I'll bet to-day he can ride that frontier with any corporal," General Sherman once told a congressional committee), he believed in going after the enemy on his home ground, whether it violated the territory of a friendly power or not. Ord's determination to root out the raiders in their own villages found support in another quarter. In Washington, the Democratic congressional delegation from Texas, whose col

lective voice was crucial to the Army's desperate attempt to save itself from emasculation by a hostile Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, was in a fine position to restrain General Ord's superiors who might be disposed to interfere with his diplomatic misbehavior.

Such was the backdrop of Shafter's assignment when he took command of the District of the Nueces late in 1875. For the next three years he faced an even more hostile topography than the Staked Plain, and as adversaries Kickapoo, Lipan, and Mescalero raiders, an occasional Mexican *bandido*, revolutionists, and Mexican *rurales* and Regulars understandably sensitive to Yankee soldiers, especially black ones, on their soil. To confuse the racial amalgam still more, Shafter's highly effective striking arm was a remarkable company of auxiliaries drawn from a colony of Seminole-Negroes, originally from Florida and now refugees from the more recent Seminole home in Indian Territory. Their tough, desert-wise commander was Lieutenant John L. Bullis, an officer detached from Shafter's regiment. A wiry little man with sunburned face and a big black mustache, he employed the scouts with a skill matched only by his solicitude for their welfare. They accorded him in return an adulation approaching deification. "That fella suffer jest like we-all did," said one. "He was a good man."

In April and May, 1876, Washa Lobo and his Lipan warriors killed twelve Texans in the course of one of their forays north of the Rio Grande. This raid, unusually bloody in its results, moved Ord to act. He ordered Shafter to go after the offenders in their Mexican villages. Early in June, Shafter took five companies of cavalry, with Bullis' scouts, and established a camp a short distance above the mouth of the Pecos River. Scouting into Mexico, Bullis and several spies turned up fresh sign that seemed to point to the Sierra del Carmen. In the first of a long succession of border violations, Shafter's cavalrymen splashed across the river boundary behind their beefy colonel and drove deep into Coahuila. The Sierra del Carmen, nearly eighty miles southwest of the crossing point, yielded no quarry, and the expedition returned near the end of June.

Hardly three weeks later the command crossed again, this time aiming for the favorite Lipan sanctuary near Zaragosa. Pausing on the head of the Rio San Diego on the afternoon of July 29, Shafter detached Bullis with twenty of his scouts and twenty Negro cavalrymen under Lieutenant George Evans to make a swift night march and try to surprise the enemy in their camp. Bullis reached the Rio San Antonio upstream from Zaragosa before daylight on July 30. Dawn revealed twenty-three Lipan lodges scattered along the riverbank near by. Forming under cover of some trees, the scouts and troopers burst on the sleeping camp with carbines blazing. The Indians piled out of their lodges, and for fifteen minutes the two sides scrambled in hand-to-hand combat before the Lipans broke off and fled. They left fourteen dead and four women as prisoners; Bullis suffered no casualties. Burning the camp and gathering up ninety-six horses and mules, Bullis joined Shafter the same day, and the next day the column forded the Rio Grande into Texas.

For the rest of 1876 and into 1877, Ord and Shafter played loose and fast with the doctrine of "hot pursuit." Although there was a rough correlation between Indian raids in Texas and the American response in Coahuila,

A company of the Ninth Cavalry in dress uniform at Fort Davis, ca. 1875.

Shafter's columns rarely crossed the boundary in hot pursuit or even on an enemy trail. But Bullis and his Seminole-Negroes and the Buffalo Soldiers at Duncan and Clark, always under orders from Shafter, thrust time and again into Mexico. The border crossings, Shafter contended, were made with the consent of Mexican authorities. Also, with the exception of the march that ended in the fight near Zaragosa on July 30, the troops kept west of the settlements, in almost uninhabited deserts and mountains imperfectly known even to the Mexicans.

In any event, during 1876 Mexican officials were distracted by more compelling developments. Early in the year Porfirio Días launched a revolution that for seven months kept the Lerdist state governments wholly occupied in a struggle for self-preservation. By early 1877 Mexico had a new president and the border states new governors, all owing their offices to a revolution that succeeded in part through an assiduous cultivation of the deep-rooted hostility of Mexicans toward their overbearing neighbors north of the Rio Grande. The kind of "consent" underlying Shafter's Mexican adventures, if indeed it had ever existed, could no longer be expected.

THE TREND OF FUTURE ATTITUDES quickly became apparent. The new governor of Coahuila proclaimed aid to United States forces on the Mexican side of the boundary a treasonable offense. Officials at Piedras Negras then seized two Mexicans who had guided Shafter on the expedition to Zaragosa the previous July and threw them in the *calabozo*. When word reached General Ord that they would be shot as traitors, he told Shafter to try to liberate them. At dawn on April 3, 1877, citizens of the border community awoke to find three companies of Buffalo Soldiers ringing the town, two companies of Negro infantry drawn up on the plaza, and a determined Shafter demanding release of the prisoners. But Mexican officials had been wakeful enough to spirit them into the interior before Shafter could spring the trap.

Mexico vigorously protested this indignity to her sovereignty. But the United States also had a new president, Rutherford B. Hayes, who was to be more responsive to the counsels of Texans than was his predecessor. Although the two nations remained in "unofficial" diplomatic communication in both capitals, Washington had not recognized the Díaz regime. Hayes was determined to use Díaz's need of United States recognition as a lever for compelling Mexico to resolve the long-standing border problem. For his part, Díaz was determined to use the border situation, particularly the American desire for a treaty permitting border crossings in hot pursuit, as a lever for securing United States recognition.

A report reaching Washington over Shafter's signature prompted the first move. Dated March 3, 1877, it recalled that in the past six months Indians from Mexico had killed seventeen Texans and stolen four hundred horses and cows, then openly sold the plunder in Zaragosa. There was no way to stop such outrages except by searching out the culprits in Mexico. "Full authority to operate in Mexico as we choose is the only way in which life and property can be made secure on this frontier." On March 31, Secretary of State William M. Evarts sent Shafter's report to Minister John W. Foster in Mexico City, instructing him to make its contents known to Mexican authorities and to intimate that the United States might find it necessary to give Shafter that authority. Foster did so, but the only firm commitment to emerge from the lengthy conversations with Foreign Minister Vallarta was a promise to dispatch a "prominent and prudent" general with a force of federal troops to the border to cooperate with Ord in suppressing outlawry.

Shafter also triggered the second move. The Indians were now taking refuge in the towns, he wrote on May 10. It was useless to pursue them across the border unless the troops could enter the towns, too. Ord's endorsement asked . . . "how far in such cases I can authorize the troops to go." The answer came out of a meeting of the President with his Cabinet. Ord was free, Secretary of War George W. McCrary advised General Sherman on June 1, "when in pursuit of a band of the marauders, and when his troops are either in sight of them or upon a fresh trail, to follow them across the Rio Grande, and to overtake and punish them."

The order set off a storm of indignation in Mexico. The United States had treated Mexico "as savages, as Kaffirs of Africa," complained Foreign Minister Vallarta; a declaration of war would have been less offensive to the national honor. And President Díaz reacted by issuing new instructions to General Gerónimo Treviño, the "prominent and prudent" general newly arrived on the frontier with a division of Regulars, who was even then amiably socializing with Ord and Shafter at Fort Clark: "Repel force with force."

"A Pull at the Canteen"—one of Remington's better-known cavalry sketches.

As war hysteria swept the Mexican capital, making serious negotiation of the basic issues all but impossible, orders from Washington kept Ord and Shafter under a degree of restraint. General Treviño would be given opportunity to demonstrate what he could accomplish. It was not much. Counterrevolutionary movements of Lerdist followers distracted his officers from Indian business. Also, despite his personal sincerity, his subordinates could work up little enthusiasm for assailing a system from which so many Mexicans profited. Although Shafter's officers occasionally crossed the Rio Grande, with one exception they carefully avoided the settlements.

The exception, in September, 1877, almost brought on a collision between Mexican and United States troops and intensified the anti-American fever in Mexico. In an attempt to repeat the success of July, 1876, Shafter sent Bullis and nearly one hundred cavalrymen and scouts against a Lipan camp reported twenty miles west of Zaragosa. Shafter followed with six companies of cavalry, almost three hundred men. Bullis's plans went awry when a paid Mexican informer who was to lead him to the camp failed to keep the appointment. Bullis found it anyway, just as the occupants were fleeing. "We went for them," he reported, but a hard run of several miles netted nothing more than four captives—three women and a boy—and fifteen horses and mules. Burning the village, he headed north for the appointed rendezvous with Shafter on the Rio San Diego.

Bullis's presence had stirred up the Zaragosa garrison of about a hundred cavalrymen, and Colonel Inocente Rodriguez was soon on his trail. Discovery of Shafter's formidable command, however, inspired a fortunate caution. The two forces maneuvered at each other for a time, but no encounter developed. Shafter, also suddenly seized by a prudence born less of Mexican strength than realization of the explosive potential of the situation, got out of Mexico so precipitately that his officers grumbled at length about turning tail before "a handful of Mexicans."

Meanwhile, in Mexico City, the "unofficial" negotiations between Minister Foster and Foreign Minister Vallarta resumed in September, now centering on a draft treaty for resolution of all border issues. The diplomatic talks promised to last a long time, for Mexico demanded revocation of the June 1 order to Ord, together with apologies and reparations, while the United States demanded reciprocal border-crossing provisions that went far beyond what Mexico felt able to concede.

At the same time, in Washington, Hayes's belligerent Mexican policy came under mounting attack. Democrats accused him of trying to drum up a foreign war to divert public attention from the questionable credentials with which he entered the White House after the disputed election of 1876. Merchants and financiers with Mexican interests fretted over the delay in resuming normal relations. When Congress convened in special session in November, 1877, both the Foreign Affairs and Military Affairs committees of the House looked into the border controversy. High officials of the State and War departments were grilled. Ord, Shafter, and even Bullis testified. The Foreign Affairs Committee proved not unfriendly, but the Military Committee fairly bristled with hostility. Shafter came under particularly heavy fire from Democratic interrogators, who forced him to admit that he sought opportunities to cross and did not adhere to the limitations of hot pursuit. He even confessed his opinion that the best solution was

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MEANIE

The Life & Good Times of a Roman-Nosed Mare

BY HELEN ELLSBERG

THE AIR WAS BLUE for miles around the day Meanie arrived at our Oregon farm and my dad got his first look at her.

Meanie was a buckskin cayuse, and if there ever had been a prize offered for the world's homeliest horse, she'd have won, hoofs down. Her wispy black mane hung irregularly on her ewe neck like a week's wash on a sagging clothesline. She was Roman-nosed, swaybacked, and her tail resembled a moth-eaten whiskbroom.

Pa had traded a mule to Uncle Fletcher for Meanie, sight unseen. He and Fletch had been enemies for years, but they had recently buried the hatchet. It seemed to be buried in a shallow grave, however, for we heard Pa chuckling to himself over what Fletch would say when he discovered some of the mule's less endearing habits. But it seemed now that Fletcher might be doing a little chuckling himself.

"That crook!" Pa stormed. "Saying this horse would outwork anything on the farm. Work! Hah!" he laughed derisively. "That old crowbait."

The horse had endured all Pa's insults with stony indifference, but being called an old crowbait was evidently too much. She suddenly laid back her ears. There was a snap like a closing bear trap as her large, yellow teeth came together so close to Pa's head that he gingerly felt the side of his head to make sure his ear was still there. Then he *was* mad!

"Take that equine monstrosity out of my sight before I get the shotgun!" he bellowed.

My brother and I obediently picked up the buckskin's lead rope and started for the barn. Pa was still rubbing the ear he had almost lost, and as she went by, he delivered a smart kick to her ribs. Swift as a snake, she swung her artillery into position. From long association with horses, Pa instinctively ducked—just in time to miss getting a smart kick in *his* ribs.

The feud was on, and from that day forward, these two carried on a barnyard version of the Hatfields and McCoys.

"Wow!" exclaimed my brother. "She sure is a *meanie.*" And that became her name.

One day Pa had to return a sack of oats he had borrowed from a neighbor. The only available horse was Meanie. He grumbled that it would take all day with that old nag, but he hitched her to the spring wagon, loaded the oats, and climbed in. As he picked up the lines, my mother handed him a jar of pickles for the neighbors.

"You be back by noon?" she asked.

Pa shrugged. "No telling how long it will take with this critter. Don't look for me till you see me. Just keep my dinner warm." He picked up the buggy whip. "Git up!" he said, and brought the whip down sharply on Meanie's angular rump.

From a standing start, Meanie exploded into a dead run. Pa's heels flew up as he was thrown against the back of the seat. His hat fell off, and he had no chance to rescue it as he clung to the lines. He disappeared up the road in a cloud of dust to the sound of thudding hoofs and rattling wheels.

Ma clutched the corner of her apron and stared after them. "Those pickles will get broken, sure," she said.

"Pa's apt to get his neck broke!" said my brother who never cared much for pickles.

About eleven-thirty they were back. Pa wiped his dusty face with his big, red handkerchief and said, "Well, Fletch was right about her having plenty of pep. Danged if she didn't gallop most of the way there and back. I thought I'd wear her down, but she's not even winded."

There was grudging admiration in his voice. He gave her a half-friendly slap on the neck. This was the nearest either of them ever came to a truce. Meanie laid back her ears and bared her teeth. Pa moved hastily, remembering

yesterday. "Unhitch the ill-tempered beast before I lose my temper," he snapped. "I'll take your mother this cake Mrs. Warner sent over, if it ain't all shook to crumbs."

The next day Pa had to go to town. He said he supposed the quickest way to get there was to drive Meanie. So he hitched her up, pulled his hat on tight, and climbed gingerly into the wagon. He braced his feet, picked up the lines, and we kids backed up to keep out of the dust.

"Git up!" he said, and slapped the lines across Meanie's back.

Nothing happened. Pa looked puzzled. He slapped the lines and "giddapped" again. Meanie stood like a statue.

Pa braced himself and smacked her with the buggy whip. Meanie's hide rippled slightly, as if she'd been bitten by a fly, but her four hoofs remained firmly planted.

"Here," said my brother, "I'll lead her a ways." He took her by the bridle. He pulled and tugged. Pa applied persuasion from the rear. Meanie refused to budge.

Pa was controlling his temper pretty well. "There's always one thing to do," he said, "when you can't make a balky horse move any other way. Build a fire under 'em. Fetch me some kindling wood."

So Pa piled sticks under Meanie's belly, and whittled some shavings so it would burn quicker. Now all she had to do was start walking when she began to get too warm.

Once more Pa got in and braced himself. "Light the fire," he said. "She'll probably take off like she did yesterday when it gets hot."

My brother lit the shavings. As they flared up, Meanie switched her tail and laid back her ears. But as it grew hotter, she hastily moved ahead. She was no fool. Pa grinned triumphantly, but the grin soon faded. She walked ahead all right—just enough so the fire was directly beneath the wagon.

"Pa," I shouted, jumping up and down, "the wagon's on fire!" The flames from the dry shavings had leaped up and spread to the straw that stuck between the cracks in the bottom of the wagon. Pa, who had visions of his spring wagon going up in smoke, vaulted across the back of the seat and began stamping on the straw as he shouted to us kids to get water and put out the blaze beneath the wagon.

Meanie was never one to miss a cue. Now that there was no one to hold the lines, away she went, while Pa did a fine impersonation of a movie stunt man trying to get back into the seat. He had stamped the fire out, but the straw was still smoking, and the smoke billowed out behind the wagon, giving a very dramatic effect as they disappeared over the hill.

MUSTANGS—OR CAYUSES, as we used to call them—are known as the toughest of horses; and Meanie was a worthy descendant of ancestors who had carried the Indians over endless miles of prairie on hunt and warpath, surviving blizzards, drought, and overwork. It was unbelievable the amount of energy that was stored in that dilapidated-looking frame.

It was a problem to find another horse to work with Meanie in a team. She either balked or went so fast she wore any other horse out within a few hours.

Meanie couldn't get along with any of the other horses. Perhaps she was sensitive about her looks. Anyway, she fought all the others until none of them would go near her. On a hot Sunday afternoon when the horses were standing around the pasture in groups, switching each other's flies, Meanie would be off by herself looking sulkily indifferent—or lonely.

But all that was before we got Blackie. He was a sleek gelding, black as midnight, with a star on his face and four white feet—the exact opposite of Meanie in looks and, apparently, in temperament. When Pa first hitched him up, it seemed a more docile, well-behaved horse would have been hard to find.

The first time we turned Blackie out to pasture, my brother warned him, "Look out for Meanie. She'll make mincemeat out of a pretty boy like you." But an hour later, when we went down in the pasture, there were Meanie and Blackie, standing side by side, Blackie nibbling affectionately at Meanie's neck.

"Well, I'll be—!" said Pa. "Meanie's got a boy friend. I wonder if she could work with him without wearing him out?" So Pa hitched the two of them to the corn planter to see what would happen.

For the information of the uninitiated, a corn planter runs along a wire that is stretched from one end of a row to the other. On this wire are little knobs spaced at the same intervals as the hills of corn. As the planter moves along the wire it strikes each knob, opens, and deposits the proper number of grains of corn in the hill. There is a steady "click, click, click" as the horses move the planter down the wire.

The day Pa tried out Meanie and Blackie as a team, I was stationed at the end of the field to move the wire

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Along the Suffrage Trail

From West to East for FREEDOM NOW!

BY AMELIA FRY

SARA BARD FIELD
A western poet and libertarian, she carried the message of freedom to the voteless women of the East in an age when transcontinental automobile travel was an adventure not far removed from the travails of the wagon-train days.

The great palace was softly and naturally lit except for the giant tower gate flaming aloft in the white light, focused on it as on some brilliant altar. Far below, like a brilliant flower bed, filling the terraced stage from end-to-end, glowed the huge chorus of women. . . .

And then came the envoys, delegated by women voters to carry the torch of liberty through the dark lands and keep it burning. And the dark mass below the lighted altar-tower caught the crusader's spirit and burst into cheers. . . . Orange lanterns swayed in the breeze; purple, white, and gold draperies fluttered, the blare of the band burst forth, and the great surging crowd followed the envoys to the gates. . . .

To the wild cheering of the crowd, Miss Jolliffe and Mrs. Field were seated. The crowd surged close with final messages. Cheers burst forth as the gates opened and the big car swung through, ending the most dramatic and significant suffrage convention that has probably ever been held in the history of the world.

The place was San Francisco. The time was September 16, 1915, and in the brilliant lights of the Panama Pacific International Exposition the first Women Voters' Convention was staging its grand finale—a spectacular send-off of petite Sara Bard Field and her fellow envoy, Frances Jolliffe, on one more woman suffrage campaign. What made this campaign different was that it was to be entirely by auto, entirely across the continent, and entirely by women. The mission: to symbolize the offer of the political power of the enfranchised women of the West to their voteless sisters in the East. The plan was direct and dramatic—direct because they would take a suffrage petition to President Woodrow Wilson and to the Congress for the opening day of its 1915–1916 session; dramatic because in all major cities along the route they would stage parades and rallies, garner public statements of support from congressmen in their home territories, and add thousands of names to the petition—which already had half a million signatures on a roll of paper 18,333 feet long.

The trip was a fitting climax to the five-day convention that had been launched by more than a thousand determined women on September 11. These women were a new breed of suffragist—most of them young, well-educated, socially poised. Militant and aggressive, they looked back impatiently to the long years of piecemeal campaigns in individual states, campaigns effective only in the enlightened West. After fifty years of political combat, only twelve states—all of them western—had granted suffrage to women. For the women gathered in San Francisco, this was not enough. They wanted freedom now and wanted it on a national level.

Their activist tactics had already caused them to split from the more sedate parent organization, the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA). The child of this dissent, the Congressional Union, was something of a press agent's dream; flamboyant, dramatic, and

single-purposed, it specialized in parades, demonstrations, pageantry, and the utilization of dignified affairs of state for its own ends—as when its members had held aloft their suffrage banners in the Capitol rotunda during the formal opening of the last Congress, or when, thousands strong, they had marched in stately procession down Pennsylvania Avenue during President Wilson's inauguration. (This latter demonstration had incited crowds to riot, forced federal troops out, inspired the Senate to investigate, and caused the dismissal of the chief of police.)

The battle cry of the San Francisco convention was "Unite!", for only the united woman-power of four million western votes could force a federal constitutional amendment through Congress, thereby bringing the franchise to the twenty million voteless women of America. At the convention's opening luncheon, the movement's major angel, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont of New York, fired the determination of the thousands of women guests with a speech ghostwritten for her by Sara Bard Field: "The women voters of the twelve enfranchised states . . . are met here to form a body politic. . . . The western woman, with the power of her ballot, will give to her enslaved sister justice and freedom.

"What greater privilege can be ours, or land send forth a more blessed message!"

The Congressional Union's freedom booth at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915. All summer long, the petition for a constitutional amendment had grown, until its length reached more than eighteen thousand feet.

The message was the Susan B. Anthony amendment: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex." All summer long the words had hung emblazoned across the wall of the Congressional Union's booth in the fair's Educational Pavilion. Visitors had strolled by, read it, and added their names to the suffragist petition.

The organizing genius behind the Union's activities at the fair—including the booth, the convention, and the culminating automobile campaign—was its president, Alice Paul, a quiet, blue-eyed wisp of a woman fresh from the Pankhurst campaigns in England. Today in her late seventies, still vigorous and forthright as head of the Woman's Party, Miss Paul recently recalled in Washington her reasons for the automobile campaign: "Why not? Two Swedish women volunteered their car. They had just bought it, said they were going to drive it back to Rhode Island. We had already gone into many places campaigning with an auto. It was the easiest and least expensive way to have a campaign: drive into a town, speak *on* the car at street corners. We were there in San Francisco, and we had to get the petition to Washington. The weather was still good. Sara was out there, free to go, willing, and lovely. A very good speaker. She was just sent to us from heaven."

Sara herself recalls that she was at first a most reluctant angel: "Alice

came to me and announced that they had found these women and that they would drive me across the continent.

" 'But Alice,' I said, 'do you realize that service stations across the country are very scarce, and you have to have a great deal of mechanical knowledge in case the car has something break down?'

" 'Oh well,' she said, 'if that happens, I'm sure some good man will come along to help you.' "

Sara's reluctance was understandable enough. The state of the nation's highways in 1915 was not likely to inspire confidence, and the much-touted Lincoln Highway across the continent was in many places little more than a wagon track. The very week she was to leave, a local newspaper headlined a trip made by a woman from Denver to San Francisco: "We drove a hundred miles out of the way," the woman told a reporter, "and got into roads where the middle was so high that the front wheels did not touch the road at all. . . . We forded streams where the water came up to the hubs. . . . We went through sand that came almost up to the running-boards." Travel time was no small consideration. The American Automobile Association had recently sponsored a cross-country endurance drive that set a new transcontinental speed record—*19 days, 18 hours, and 15 minutes*—with 505 miles of detour. Altogether, the young suffragist could be forgiven her uncertain fortitude. But the gentle persuasion and persistence of Alice Paul could not be denied, and Sara ultimately gave in to the idea.

With only days to prepare for the journey, Sara hastily arranged for her two children to stay with their father, her divorced Baptist-minister husband, in Berkeley. She shopped for a fashionable brown travel suit with a warm fur collar at San Francisco's White House and notified her fiance lawyer-poet Charles Erskine Scott Wood, in Portland, of her plans. Wood rushed down for the grand send-off and presented Sara with a heavy robe of buffalo fur—which would come in handy. With the "Great Demand" banner packed, and Frances Jolliffe, her traveling companion, beside her, the young suffragist was ready. No one thought to put in a map.

"As the car rolled through the great gates," Sara remembers, "I was pretty shaken by it all inside. And those Swedes—the driver and the 'mechanician'—were strange ones, rather grim-looking. Also, I knew Frances Jolliffe was going to cave in at the last moment. I just felt that would happen."

Sara was right. By the time the car reached Sacramento and was prepared for the trip over the Sierras to Reno, Frances had fallen ill and left the party.

An invisible—and perhaps more crucial—envoy remained, however. Mabel Vernon, advance press agent, parade organizer, and chief of arrangements, traveled ahead to each city by train and rounded up autocades, bands, mayors, congressmen, and governors for Sara's receptions.

In Reno, as in Sacramento, new chapters of the Congressional Union materialized out of Sara's overnight stay. Names were added to the petition, often during impromptu street-corner speeches from the top of the little car. In Sacramento, Congressman Charles F. Curry declared himself in favor of the amendment, and in Reno, Anne Martin, who had led the suffrage campaign to a victory in Nevada the year before, joined Sara as a speaker at the suffrage meetings and the street-corner rump sessions. Sara reported to the C. U. headquarters in Washington that "the press is interested in our trip and 'eats up' the news we have to offer."

Reno was the jumping-off place for the Great American Desert and marked the apparent evaporation of the Lincoln Highway—a navigational trap that the mapless trio of women was ill-equipped to avoid. They found their way to the little towns of

Sara posing with a portion of the massive petition, before departure.

Fallon and Lovelock, where they could not resist a car-top speech or two, but somewhere out of Winnemucca they followed the wrong trail, and became wanderers in a six-hundred-mile wasteland. Salt Lake City—where Mabel Vernon was already organizing women and dignitaries—might as well have been in Tanganyika.

Sara still speaks of that night of endless wandering. Even with her buffalo robe, "the bitter cold of the

night and the utter desolation of the whole country and the fear that we would not have enough gasoline to get to a filling station kept us agitated and in a good deal of physical distress." Not until the half-light of a desert sunrise did they spot some low buildings that Sara remembers as the Ibapaw Ranch, where the travelers were restored with hot coffee, a huge fire in the kitchen stove, a ranchhand breakfast, and—best of all—a map.

Miraculously, they made Salt Lake City on time. Mabel Vernon had done her job well; a local reporter wrote that ten automobiles, "loaded with more than a score of Salt Lake's most prominent women," met the dusty Overland. The parade rolled triumphantly to the steps of the state capitol where Governor William Spry, Mayor Samuel C. Park, and Congressman Jo Howell waited for Sara. That night the poet-envoy wrote to headquarters: "While the earth was glowing in the light of the flaming sunset, and the mountains about stood like everlasting witnesses, Representative Joseph Howell pledged his full and unqualified support."

Chicago's ebullient "Big Bill" Thompson and Sara.

As the car turned toward Wyoming, Miss Kindstedt began complaining about the unaccustomed servitude of her role as "mechanician," jealous of Sara who made all the speeches and stood in the spotlight. The Swede's unfortunate English made oratory a preposterous notion, but at the same time made it difficult for Sara to soothe her with kind words. It was perhaps just as well that Sara did not learn until after the trip that Miss Kindstedt had only recently been released from a mental hospital. That some investigation should have been made of the two women occurred to Sara and Alice Paul only in hindsight. "They were willing to take me along for nothing, and that was good enough," Sara recalls.

As they entered Wyoming and the inevitable snow, blizzards and high drifts hardly impeded their progress. While Sara huddled in the buffalo robe and horrified male motorists shouted warnings as they passed, the Swedes "piled right on, never knowing where we might be held up by impassable snow. Every now and then we would get out and stomp our feet and keep circulation in motion." Exercise was further encouraged by the man-sized drifts that required all three to get out and push. In Cheyenne the mayor, Governor Kendrick, and Senator Warren lengthened the petition with their names, and another CU chapter bloomed in the wake of the envoy. In Denver, the Overland—bedecked as always in banners and the "Great Demand" flag—was escorted to the governor by a band and twenty autos similarly arrayed. The local congressman promised his support. The next day Colorado Springs women, inspired and abetted by Mabel Vernon, made news with their grand extravaganza—a women's chorale, complete with purple and gold gowns, suffrage songs, marches, and speeches.

The trip south across the plains of Kansas might have quieted the press for a few days had it not been for a mishap that was more a publicity triumph than a catastrophe. Late one rainy night the car dropped into an enormous hole filled with water. The trio called into the darkness for help until they were hoarse, but their cries were met only with the splatter of rain on surrounding wheat. Sara thinking she had seen a farmhouse a mile or two back—climbed out of the car with characteristic resolution, to pit her ninety pounds against the mud and driving rain. "It seemed to me it was ten miles," she recalls. "I didn't have boots; the mud began to get up to my knees, and I would have to keep moving over, criss-crosswise, to places where I could see a footing."

After a lifetime of slogging through the ooze, Sara found the farmhouse and a sleepy farmer—understandably astonished to find in his doorway this large lump of black mud, with little more than an embarrassed smile showing through. He brought out two large work horses and a truck, and drove her back. Sara remembers that he didn't quite grasp the significance of her suffrage lecture, but he did concede, "Well, you girls got guts."

After the farmer extracted them

The ladies pause before moving on from Colorado Springs, Colorado. The woman in the back of the car is unidentified, but probably was a local suffrage dignitary.

from the mudhole, the "girls" continued to Kansas City. Their bags had gone on by train, and the intrepid Sara was temporarily grounded in the Emporia hotel while her mud-caked suit—her only traveling suit—was at the cleaners. Meanwhile, the equally intrepid editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, William Allen White, came upstairs for an interview. "I had to see him in bed," Sara remembered, "with I hope the proper covering. He was both highly amused and extremely awed by the whole project. We had a delicious interview. He left and said, 'This is very French.' "

White gave his humor free reign in the column. "They got on famously," he wrote, "until they struck Nickerson and stuck in the mud . . . and having no man along to do the swearing, it was sheer strength and moral courage that got them through. But they had to wade in the mud up to their hose-supporters." In a gesture of Kansas gallantry, White did not print the very French circumstances of the interview.

Clean and refreshed, the trio was heading toward Missouri when it learned the results of the suffrage election in New Jersey. This was the state where President Wilson had publicly announced his support of suffrage (as long as it was won state by state) and cast his own "yes" vote, but even this impressive support was not enough. Suffrage was voted down —reinforcing the Congressional Union in its conviction that efforts should concentrate on the passage of a national amendment.

The smiling crowds and enthusiastic support of officials in Kansas City, Kansas, contrasted sharply with the cold reception of Senator James A. Reed across the river in Missouri—the first "enemy" country. Even though Mabel Vernon had arranged a procession of the "most prominent women," Reed put aside their eloquent pleas by answering only that he would "take the matter into consideration." However, Sara reported that at the street meetings they had more people to talk to than their voices could reach, and that the older suffrage workers saw new hope with the power of the enfranchised western women being used in Congress on their behalf. "The greatest day for suffrage Kansas City has ever seen," glowed one. The car rattled on toward Topeka, Lincoln, and Chicago.

Topeka was the only place on the entire trip that Sara actually missed a meeting. Mabel Vernon had the press, a band, and autos organized for the arrival; in their enthusiasm, the women of that city had procured letters of suffrage endorsement from every official they could contact, from the attorney general to the state printer. The crowd gathered, but there was no trace of car or envoy—Sara and her companions were sitting sixty miles away with the vague infliction of "tire trouble and engine difficulties." For two hours Mabel held the crowd until all gave up and went home. The added publicity of the trio's Kansas disasters, however, only added to the crusade's impact. When the car finally pulled into Topeka, Sara found that even the Kansas governor had been moved to send a letter of support.

As the car bounced through gala receptions and parades in Lincoln, Nebraska, and Des Moines and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a further calamity developed that might have sent a less dedicated campaigner home to the kitchen for good. Perhaps it was after a particularly triumphant reception

—Sara cannot remember exactly the time and place—when Miss Kindstedt turned to her, accused her of grabbing the limelight and announced: "At the end of this trip I'm going to kill you!"

Although Miss Kindborg, the driver, tried to keep Sara from worrying about the threat, continuing growls and glares from the mechanician's seat left Sara with little peace of mind, especially during the lonely stretches between stops.

About the same time, news arrived of three more suffrage elections and three more defeats: New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, all of which lay ahead to challenge Mabel's energies and Sara's magic words.

But first, Illinois (where women had recently won the right to vote for national offices only) and a boisterous welcome on Chicago's famed Michigan Avenue. Streets were blocked off, and Sara spoke to a "sea of people" from the steps of the Art Institute; Mayor Big Bill Thompson bestowed his ample blessings on the whole campaign, and a large chorus sang out with Sara's own "Hymn of Free Women." Here, too, came the first serious heckling by antisuffrage people. "The women were the worst," Sara recalls. "The right-wing D.A.R. and all associations of that kind were extremely 'anti,' and they sent their speakers right on my trail in the East." There was also a widespread belief that, once women got the vote, prohibition would surely follow; consequently the opposition had powerful political and financial support from the liquor lobby. The crescendo of parades, speeches, and new Union chapters nevertheless increased in Indianapolis and Columbus. Detroit—perhaps because it had been Sara's home town—was the biggest success

Over 5000 miles of travel, and no one remembers how many speeches.

ever. Four thousand signatures lengthened the petition there, and night skies exploded with fireworks.

Winter had come to the East, and in Cleveland, Sara spoke in the public square in a swirling snow storm, extracting from Congressman Emerson a promise to vote for the amendment. In Buffalo the mayor and many others signed. Just before Syracuse another disaster befell the car—a broken axle. The local garage had no Overland axles in stock and the situation looked bleak. But dauntless Sara wired Toledo for a new part, and they all made the Syracuse reception on time. Utica followed; then Albany, where a meeting in the executive mansion itself—a courageous gesture for the governor of a state that had just voted down woman suffrage—broke all precedent. The governor looked down at Sara and said, "I thought you would be ten feet tall."

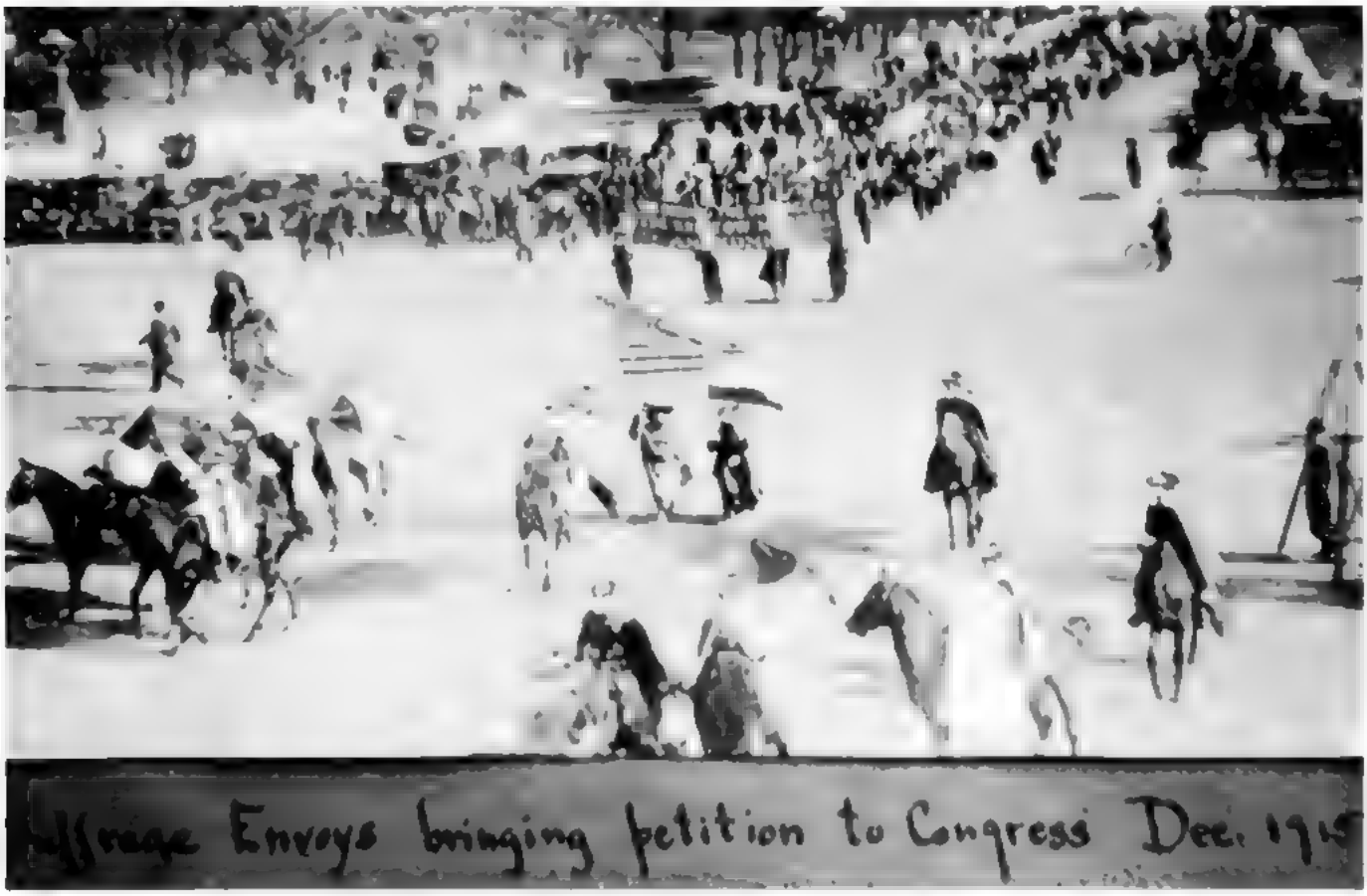
Ironically, Sara was feeling neither tall nor robust. Her vigor was beginning to wane from so many weeks of public appearances, tense travels with Miss Kindstedt, and the incessant bouncing of the cumbersome Overland, which had pounded her black and blue. Frances Jolliffe arrived in Albany by train to rejoin Sara as a much-needed fellow speaker for the high-pressure days ahead. As they set out for Boston, Alice Paul, down in Washington, was whipping eastern amendment-minded suffragists into viable organizations. The opposition held Boston as its bastion, but the fervor of the recently defeated suffragists was intense. Great throngs gathered about the three speakers. In the rotunda of the Capitol, Governor Walsh offered his letter of personal endorsement of the amendment, but during Sara's ringing speech he whispered to Mabel Vernon, "Don't ask me to sign the petition, don't ask me to sign!"

All during the trek eastward Sara had kept a worried vigil on the volatile Miss Kindstedt, so at the Swede's American home of Providence, Rhode Island, the two car owners were left for a rest. Sara and Frances took the train to New York, and the battered little car was shipped down by boat. Covered with dents and plastered with stickers from cities all across the continent, it drove off the dock to Fifth Avenue to join the biggest parade of them all. "Fifth Avenue rubbed its eyes," the New York *Sun* reported, "when the weather-beaten automobile, bearing the slogan 'On to Congress!' and followed by a hundred other cars, blazed a path of purple and gold down the great thoroughfare." The management of Sherry's lent its great ballroom for a meeting, which overflowed before the speaking began.

Frances Jolliffe, "a tired little woman in a travel-worn brown suit," as the New York *Tribune* described her, "stood in the glitter of Sherry's ballroom and held out a tired little brown hand. 'We, the voting women of the West, want to help you,' she pleaded. 'Will you let us?' The audience was moved to tears and action . . . ," raising six thousand dollars.

Leaving New York, the envoys headed for Washington, D.C., and the climax of their trip. Sara overcame her increasing fatigue and endured parades and speeches in Newark, Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore. Finally, in December, the day before Congress convened, the car, banner in place, moved slowly down the Baltimore turnpike and stopped at the edge of Washington. Novelist Mary Austin took charge of assembling the grand procession: women tall on horseback, each representing a suffrage state; flag- and banner-bearers wearing long purple capes and gold collars with flowing white stoles; a replica of the Liberty Bell, "lavishly decorated"; hundreds of other women carrying purple, white, and gold pennants; three hundred "distinguished" guests heading the procession; and, of course, the great petition, unrolled only to a hundred of its eighteen thousand feet, carried by special bearers. The battered little car took its place in the lead, with Sara, Frances Jolliffe, Mabel Vernon, and the two Swedes, inside. Flowing through the streets of Washington as a brilliant river of color, the parade finally arrived at the steps of the nation's Capitol, where a large delegation of congressmen awaited Sara at the top of the white marble steps. Slowly, she mounted the steps with Frances Jolliffe, the long petition borne majestically behind them as a symbol of western power. The envoys exchanged speeches with two carefully selected lawmakers, Senator David Sutherland and Representative Stephan Mondell. Said Sutherland, ". . .

Banners, bunting, and revolutionary costume: the climax at Washington D.C., where parading women brought the demand for equality to the halls of Congress.



Freedom planted on the steps of the Capitol. The blurred figure in the left foreground is Alice Paul, vigorous young president of the Congressional Union.

backed as it is by four million voting women, the suffrage amendment should receive the most serious attention of Congress."

With one eye on the gathering clouds of World War I, Congressman Mondell added, "We trust that the pressure of other matters of importance will not be made an excuse for delaying or postponing action on this highly important question. . . . Under free government there can be no more important question than one involving the suffrage rights of half the people." The procession from the Capitol to the White House attracted more spectators, in spite of a very cold day. Rolling to a halt in the semi-circular drive of the White House, Sara, her convoy, and the three hundred distinguished guests were escorted to the East Room, where President Wilson awaited them.

Ida Husted Harper was to describe the event in a speech the following evening: "To my mind the most impressive and historic scene was that of three little women voters from three of the states of the far West pleading for the political liberty of their millions of disfranchised sisters. How I wish that picture could be immortalized on canvas—those three young faces, gazing so eagerly and hopefully into the serious and interested countenance of the President, as he stood there and listened."

Sara was saying, "And, Mr. President, as I am not to have the woman's privilege of the last word, may I say that I know what your stand has been in the past, that you have said it was a matter for the states to decide. But we have seen that, like all great men, you have changed your mind on other questions. We have watched the change and development of your mind on preparedness, and we honestly believe that circumstances have so altered that you may change your mind in this regard."

They asked that he glance at the petition. Four miles of signatures unrolled and hit the opposite wall of

After the Capitol ceremonies, the battered little Overland led a procession to the White House and President Wilson.

the ornate room. As he looked, perhaps astonished, Sara reminded him gently that many of the signatures were those of the governors, mayors, and congressmen of the cities through which they had passed. With the help of two of the women, the President rolled the petition up, then said, "I did not come here anticipating the necessity of making an address of any kind. As you have just heard," and he smiled in Sara's direction, "I hope it is true that I am not a man set stiffly beyond the possibility of learning. . . . Nothing could be more impressive than the presentation of such a request in such numbers and backed by such influences as undoubtedly stand behind you. . . . However, I do not like to speak for others until I consult them and see what I am justified in saying.

"This visit of yours will remain in my mind not only as a delightful compliment, but also as a very impressive thing, which undoubtedly will make it necessary for all of us to consider very carefully what is right for us to do."

Today Sara says, "I remember that I could see at once that he would be a hard man to convince of anything that he did not spontaneously believe. But he *listened* to what you were saying. And his face: you could tell by his eyes that he was following what you said.

"Oh, the women went out jubilant. They thought this was the turning point. They thought he was going to back the amendment in Congress."

The President did back the amendment, but not in that Congress. It came three years later, and the day after his statement of support, it passed the heretofore unyielding House of Representatives with but one vote to spare. And it was not until spring of 1919 that it finally cleared both houses in the same session. Tennessee, the last state needed in the tedious ratification that followed, capitulated on August 18 of the following year—just in time for the new voters to exercise the power of their ballot in the 1920 elections.

It had cost the human effort of a small war: imprisonments, illnesses, and in a few cases, deaths. But the revitalization might never have come to the stagnant cause of suffrage without the youth and vigor of those who, in the brilliance of the San Francisco fair, united the enfranchised women of the West and sent their power eastward.

Carrying the petition up the steps of the Capitol.

Amelia Fry *is an interviewer-editor for the oral history department of the Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley, and a free-lance journalist whose work has appeared in the San Francisco* Chronicle, *as well as other local newspapers. For the past five years, she has been interested in the later years of the suffragist movement, and her research during this time has included interviews with participants, particularly Sara Bard Field and Alice Paul.*

SOURCES

Sara Bard Field's oral history manuscript, which ultimately will be deposited in the Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley, was the inspiration and primary research document for this article. The campaign trip, as well as most of the far-flung activities of the Congressional Union (or Woman's Party), is also well documented in the weekly newsletter, the *Suffragist*, which ran from 1914 to the final day of victory. One of Alice Paul's most talented journalists, Inez Haynes Irwin, set down a record of their 1913–1920 struggle in *Up Hill with Banner Flying*, published first in the early twenties and reissued in 1964.

For the story of both the Congressional Union and the National American Woman Suffrage Association see Edna L. Stantial's collection in *Front Door Lobby* and Eleanor Flexner's *Century of Struggle* (1963). The *History of Woman Suffrage* by the intrepid leader herself, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, documents the state-by-state struggles as well as the congressional lobbying

PORTRAITS FOR A WESTERN ALBUM: VI

"Hail to the Crystal Spring"

BY T. H. WATKINS

AMONG THE TIPPLERS OF THE WORLD, San Francisco has a name that rings like Babe Ruth's among baseball fans—she is a Hall of Fame city in the lexicon of what may well be civilization's second-oldest sport. The greatest age of San Francisco groggery probably fell in that period generally conceded to be her "Golden Era"—the years between 1849 and 1906—when she gave to the world such delightsome concoctions as Pisco Punch and the martini, and when a substantial daily intake of one "stimulant" or another was considered essential to ordinary good health.

Altogether, it was a grand age for creative drinking, but a poor one for the purposes of organizations dedicated to the annihilation of the devil's brew, as a school-boy pointed out in an essay in the mid-1870's (quoted in B. E. Lloyd's *Lights and Shades in San Francisco,* 1876): "Temperance societies are not very popular organizations in San Francisco," he said. "They interfere too much with business. There is lots of money made in San Francisco by saloons. If it wasn't for our papa's selling beer and whiskey along with *other groceries,* quite a number of us boys couldn't dress as good as we do, and get money to buy cigarettes. . . . But then there's two boys I know who have to wear ragged clothes and work, and have to smoke old cigar stumps, just because there are saloons in town where their fathers spend all the money they make for whiskey. I tell you I don't see through it. . . . I went down to see the License Collector, and he told me that there was over two thousand saloons in San Francisco. That seems like a good many for a place this size. That's all I can think of now, except that I don't think I'll ever drink."

Popular or not, temperance societies did in fact exist during the good, gray city's most intemperate years. Unsurprisingly, San Franciscans being San Franciscans, those that did operate brought a style, vigor, and enthusiasm to the project that set them apart—and perhaps above—the common breed of rum-haters. Take the Dashaway Association, founded in 1859, as a case in point. This dedicated group was the child of the Howard Engine Company #3, an assortment of volunteer firemen composed of transplanted Bostonians. After one particularly monumental drunk the company's foreman urged the members to pledge themselves to the tenets of temperance and clean living. The proportions of the group's collective hangover must indeed have been epic, for the suddenly reformed topers forthwith rifled the contents of the commissary department and "dashed away" all the liquor. They then set about drawing up formal regulations for membership, which included a pledge, *to wit*: "In the presence of God, and of all persons here present as *witnesses,* we, the undersigned, do hereby *solemnly* pledge ourselves, and agree to each other, to *abstain* from *any* and *all intoxicating drinks.* . . . And it is a further condition of these presents, that if either of us whose signature is affixed to this document is *known,* and it can be *proven,* that he has *violated the Agreement* herein contained, he shall by a *majority vote* of the meeting be *discarded* as an *associate* and be regarded by us *a man not of Truth and Veracity.*"

At some later point, a member contributed a theme song for the Dashaways, sung to the tune of "America":

Come, brothers, let us sing
Hail to the crystal spring,
Fountain of health.
Its sparkling waters view,
Nurtured with holy dew,
Source of life ever new,
Nature's true health.

Pure may our spirit be,
As the wild currents, free,
Happy and gay.
With manly self-control
We'll *dash away* the bowl,
That would ensnare the soul
To wine's dark sway.

The novelty of the movement quickly took hold (though not notably among rival fire companies), and soon there was enough wherewithal withheld from the clutch of barkeeps to buy a choice lot on Post Street for the Dashaway Temperance Hall, complete with a list of officers that would do credit to a fraternal burying society: a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary, an assistant secretary, a treasurer, three trustees, a standing committee of three, a relief committee of three, a librarian, and a collector.

The movement also accumulated one Henry D. Cogswell, who had his own ideas about the proper methods of combatting the forces of evil. Cogswell, who prided himself on being the first dentist to step ashore at San Francisco, had amassed something like two million dollars in "painless" dentistry since 1849, and wished to put some of the money to work where it was most needed. A dedicated and generous member of the Dashaways, this excitable extractionist was stricken with a scheme whose innocent egomania was in the tradition of the Egyptian pharaohs: he would erect—free of charge—superbly rococo statues of himself across the West, each of which would depict him clutching a glass of "Nature's true health" (*water*!!!) as a guidepost to the way of truth and life. Tradition has it that twenty such statues actually were set up, but the only one of which we have concrete evidence is the San Francisco entry, reproduced at the right. A close look at the photograph will reveal that the glass is empty. An even closer look will reveal the existence of a saloon at the left of the picture.

Cogswell's statue and the Dashaway Association have long since disappeared, and San Francisco goes on drinking, drinking, drinking. Cogswell would have been appalled at the continuing folly of mankind in an otherwise enlightened age; and Henry Highton, who spoke at one of the Dashaway

Continued on page 62

GARDEN CIT
GRICUL

APAREJO

THE PERFECT PACKSADDLE

BY SAM HICKS

We were cattle ranchers while I was growing up in the Jackson Hole country of northwestern Wyoming, but we were also long on horses; so we operated a hunting camp each fall, had a mail contract, and ran trap lines with our extra livestock while we rested from our regular ranch chores. Our hunting camp became well known, and for several consecutive years we handled more hunters and took more big game out of the mountains than any other outfitter in Wyoming.

After ten or fifteen years of packing for a living, I used to claim, with some modesty, that there was no outlaw horse alive that I couldn't take into the mountains and bring out with half an elk on, so long as that horse was broke to lead. I was proud of my pack outfit, and I enjoyed everything about the packing business. My equipment consisted principally of sawbuck packsaddles, and I had all the related paraphernalia that went with them. At that time I was a lot more interested in the use of the sawbuck packsaddle than I was in its origin, but in looking back, I'm inclined to think it evolved from the stick-and-rawhide squaw saddles used by Plains Indians for fastening cargo to their horses.

Years after the sawbuck packsaddle was enjoying widespread popularity, the United States Army, using lots of iron, ingenuity, odd-shaped hooks and heavy leather, developed the government packsaddle. But this apparatus, without cargo or even lash ropes, weighed over ninety pounds, and was carefully avoided by weight-conscious commercial packers. Next a refined version of the sawbuck packsaddle called the "Decker" made its appearance in the West. The blades (wooden slabs shaped to fit a horse's back) of this packsaddle were enclosed in large canvas envelopes, which protected the horse's sides. Two curved steel rods protruding upward from the canvas fore and aft tied the blades together in the same fashion that crosspieces strengthen sawbuck packsaddles. Some packers used to weld two small cubes, or "horns," to the curved rods, from which canvas bags could be hung. But generally, the Decker was meant to be used by slinging cargoes to it with long lengths of rope rather than having panniers suspended from it. After many years of rough and pleasant experiences as a Wyoming packer, I found the sawbuck and Decker saddles so adequate for my personal needs that I began to discount more and more the fabulous campfire stories old-time packers told of the Mexican *aparejo*.

Eventually I left the mountains of Wyoming for the more adventuresome life of ranch manager for Erle Stanley Gardner. Soon I was accompanying him on trips into the mountains and barrancas of Mexico and discovered that my high school education in the packing business was just beginning. Here, south of the border, I was proudly introduced by a race of happy, rugged men to the *aparejo*—a drably unimpressive, ancient invention pieced together from leather, sticks, and grass, and undoubtedly the most practical rigging ever devised anywhere for packing cargo on beasts of burden.

The *aparejo* can best be described as two rectangular

pads stuffed with a tough grass and joined by an unfilled section of leather which centers itself over an animal's backbone. Lining the leading edge, the bottom, and the trailing edge of each pad are hardwood sticks. These are what stiffen the *aparejo* and enable the packer to pass his lash ropes under the corners of the pads, then cinch upward with a crushing pressure, binding the cargo in place. The grass-filled pads of the *aparejo* spread the weight of the pack evenly over an animal's back and sides, and prevent chafing or gouging under heavy loads.

The origin of the *aparejo* is obscured by both time and travel. It had long been used in the Holy Land, and the *conquistadores* brought it to the New World when they introduced horses to the Western Hemisphere. Ancient, unchanged, and unnoticed for all its antiquity, the *aparejo* is still an important part of daily life in the Middle East, Spain, and especially Mexico.

In March, 1966, while visiting several remote areas in Mexico on one of Erle Stanley Gardner's helicopter expeditions, we talked with the inhabitants of many mountain villages where more than half the residents, principally women and children, had never seen a car. These ranching and mining families are still dependent upon pack animals for the marketing to the outside world their cheese, leather, sun-dried meat, and mineral concentrates, and for the return transportation of staple foods and other commodities from the pueblos to their secluded homes. The children daily carry water from wells or streams to the ranch houses on burros equipped with *aparejos*. The men gather wood for fuel and building materials, lash it to *aparejos* on mules, and carry or drag it to their ranches. Stones used for dwellings, fences, and massive stock corrals are likewise brought in on *aparejos*. Corn and grains are transported to high mountain meadows and planted, then later the harvested crops are returned to the ranches by pack strings saddled with *aparejos*.

In use, *aparejos* are often covered by a large rectangle of rawhide to protect the top of the leather pads from rough cargo such as ore, wood, and stones. Usually, in each pack string on the trail in the mountains of Mexico, one of these rawhide covers will be noticeably whiter than the rest. The reason is the packers' age-old custom of pressing the square of rawhide down between three or four rocks and then mixing flour and water in it for tortillas.

In the states of Chihuahua and Sonora, muleteers carefully fit each *aparejo* to a particular animal's back and, by this act, consummate a marriage that is henceforth highly respected and rarely violated. The backs of all beasts of burden differ. Some animals go through a life of hard work and never develop a sore back; others have backs that are naturally tender and under like circumstances require a great deal of attention. As the physical conformations of mules and burros vary, so do their personalities and gaits. Certain pack animals prefer to climb or descend a steep hill away from the regular trail, subjecting their cargo to a rougher passage and to more hazards than do their placid trailmates that are content to follow a bell mare in orderly fashion. So each *aparejo* is molded to the humps and hollows of a particular animal's back and fitted to the way he thinks and travels. Adjustments are made by either stuffing in more, or taking out part, of the special grass that furnishes a cushion for the cargo.

All *aparejos* are made with a hole centered in the

Colonel "Ace" Bowen of the U.S. Marine Corps exposes the underside of the ancient aparejo. Mexican mine packers frequently secreted bullion in the straw-filled interiors of the pads.

The aparejo in its purest state—cinched and ready to be packed.

underneath side of each pad so a person can reach inside and rearrange the stuffing when necessary. At times, this access to the interior of the *aparejo* pads has other uses. Packers on the trail in wet weather customarily pluck a few dry wisps of grass from their *aparejos* in order to start their campfires. According to Borden S. Burleson, recently retired after forty-five years as a mine foreman and mill superintendent in Latin American countries and the Middle East, Mexican packers regularly secreted bars of gold and silver bullion shipments inside their *aparejo* pads. Here the bullion was well hidden. In the event of a holdup on the trail, the search for valuables would invariably develop into a time-consuming operation—much to the road agents' dislike—because each pack had to be dismantled before the *aparejos* could be examined, even though they were slit open. The possibility of unexpected help arriving on the scene while bandits pawed through the *aparejo* stuffing in their quest for bullion was considered a worthwhile deterrent.

It is a custom in Mexico that when a beast of burden changes hands, his *aparejo* is automatically included in the deal. Burleson once bought a pack mule and *aparejo* for seventy-five pesos and, after using the mule for several months, decided to add a little grass to the

Fully-laden, two burros await the beginning of one more pack-trail journey.

Aparejos *with additional protective coverings called* sobrejalmas.

aparejo. In the process of stuffing the corners, he discovered two small bars of gold and silver bullion, one in each of the pads, which some former owner of the *aparejo* had concealed and then forgotten. Later he sold the bullion to the assayer in Dolores for eighty-four dollars.

When Burleson was managing the Trigo Mine in the Sierra Madre of southeastern Sonora, he and his packers moved more than fifty tons of heavy mining equipment over the 103-mile trail from Tonichi. With twenty-seven to thirty head of mules saddled with *aparejos* in their string, the trip in to the mine took twelve days. The best mules were regularly packed with four- to five-hundred-pound loads of mining equipment, and had to be rested often or they would tire, lie down,

and then have to be unpacked before they could regain their feet. Mules carrying wide loads and top-heavy packs of mining machinery frequently required the help of men walking alongside to steady them and to assist in lifting the weight of their packs as the animals clambered up steep slopes. *"Una lucha mas,"* was the commanding signal among Mexican packers with overloaded mules to lay to and boost a struggling, panting animal and his cargo one more hitch up the mountainside.

Jaw crushers, ball mills, flotation cells, and steam boilers were sectionalized by the American manufacturers so they could be carried on muleback to their high-altitude destinations in the gold-bearing mountains of Mexico. Pipe and mining rails were lashed to *aparejos* and the trailing ends dragged up the steep mountain trails. Mules were quick to learn the art of watching the forward end of their long cargoes so as to avoid hitting overhanging ledges or the upper banks of switchbacks and being knocked off the trail. *"Mal pasas,"* these difficult places in the mountains were called, and they tried the skill and endurance of men and animals in Mexico for about fifty years after the mechanization of mines and mills began replacing the old Spanish methods of extracting and reducing ore in the late 1800's.

Thick winch cables for shaft mining, thousands of feet long and up to three inches in diameter, were packed deep into the mountains by strings of mules. Each mule carried only a few coils of the steel cable, then it was strung back to the next mule in line, who bore the weight of a few more coils, and so on until the entire length of cable could be moved in an unbroken strand. Stamp mills, lumber, powder, fire bricks, mine cars, ponderous cast-iron flywheels, and massive steel power shafts—anything that was ever needed in these rugged operations—were methodically packed to their destination on mules or burros. And all of it, regardless of size, weight, or shape, was cargoed on *aparejos*. The monumental accomplishments of the hard-working, happy Mexican packers still stagger the mind of this Wyoming horseman, who thought he knew something about packing.

Running north and south through the Sierra Madre for nearly four hundred miles are three well defined mineral deposits with mines situated at approximately

The conventional sawbuck packsaddle, as shown below, is still used extensively throughout the mountain West, but many claim a superiority for the more primitive* aparejo, *which dates from biblical times.

Pine poles are cut on the mountain mesas, lashed to aparejos, and transported down the deep, busy trail to Mulatos, Sonora, Mexico.

Sam Hicks, *when he is not busy managing Rancho del Paisano in Temecula, California, serves as a guide and companion to Erle Stanley Gardner on the mystery-writer's many explorations in Mexico and the American Southwest. Hicks is author of* Desert Plants and People *(1966), and many of his articles have appeared in* Sports Afield, Argosy, *and* Desert.

forty-mile intervals. Thousands of mules once plodded along the dusty trails of this part of Mexico, and they were always loaded. Equipment and supplies went into the mountains; high-grade ore and concentrates from mills came out.

Before the completion of the Mulatos road, Erle Stanley Gardner and I followed the mule trails to this isolated mountain community perched on the wall of a canyon; we saw firsthand the vast, dusty network of worn paths that joined ranches and villages to mines, mines to mills, mills to the pine timber, and timbered mesas to the outside world. A few miles north of Yecora, where the Mulatos-bound pack trains crossed over a series of lava ridges, we saw long stretches of trail where the pathway was worn so deep in solid rock that it was no longer usable, and current pack outfits were steadily wearing down new trails parallel to the old. While automobile roads have recently reduced the need for mules in limited areas of the Sierra Madre, practically all of the people living on ranches and in the small mountain communities of northern Mexico and central Baja California have neither cars, nor gasoline, nor roads, and they still rely on their pack animals and *aparejos* for local transportation and for commerce with the outside world.

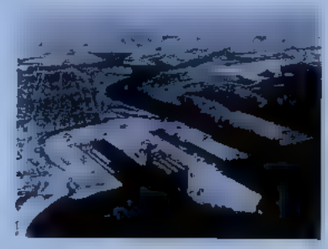
Owing to the Spanish influence in the early southwestern United States, *aparejos* were once extensively used from New Mexico to California. A few *aparejos* eventually found their way up the Rocky Mountain chain through Colorado and into Idaho, where some can still be found in use today by packers working on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. Campfire tales still circulate throughout this vast Idaho wilderness area about a tremendous grey mule named Sierra Ghost. This willing beast carried a six-hundred pound steel shaft from Challis to the Parker mill, an eight-hundred pound combination safe to Leesburg. And, according to legend, the success of the Skylark Mine was dependent upon those supplies brought through the heart of a mountain by means of the Post Boy Tunnel and on an *aparejo* snugly cinched to the strong back of Sierra Ghost.

Airplanes and helicopters now penetrate this wilderness area, so the need of the *aparejo* on the Middle Fork may be diminishing. But there is a good chance that after we have men on the moon, and astronauts sojourning in interstellar space, the *aparejo* will still be widely used in both Mexico and the colorful lands of the Middle East.

The Million-Dollar Mud Flat

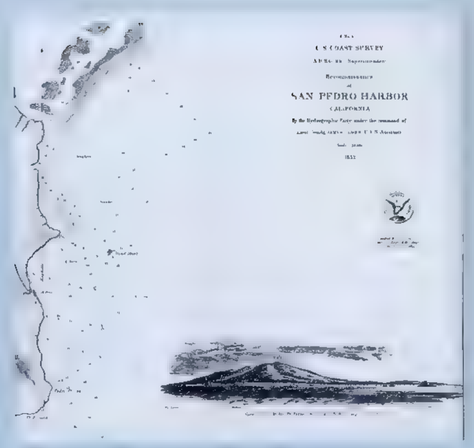
BY ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN

It was the most wretched California harbor that Richard Henry Dana visited—but with a surge of vision and muscle, money transformed the shallow, wind-ridden Bahia de San Pedro into the biggest port of the American West. It almost broke Collis P. Huntington's heart. . .



Beach sand, wooden bins filled with rock ("rick-rack," it was called), and aching backs linked Terminal Island and Dead Man's Island in 1872.

The open roadstead of the bay was no real harbor. Only a breakwater between Terminal Island (at the top of the map at right) and Dead Man's Island (center) could begin the transformation.



The harbor of San Pedro—engineered, filled, drained, and breakwatered. Moored in the panoramic scene below is a sample of almost every craft that floated and carried cargo along the Pacific Coast.

The land was of a clayey quality and, as far as the eye could reach, entirely bare of trees and even shrubs, and there was no sign of a town—not even a house to be seen. What brought us into such a place, we could not conceive . . . we lay exposed to every wind that could blow, except the northerly winds . . . we found the tide low, and the rocks and stones, covered with kelp and seaweed, lying bare for the distance of nearly an eighth of a mile. . . . We all agreed that it was the worst place of all we had seen.

Richard Henry Dana's gloomy description of San Pedro Bay in the mid-1830's was an accurate rendition of one of the bleaker examples of nature's improvidence along the Pacific Coast. Unlike the Atlantic Coast, the western edge of the continent possessed few decent natural harbors between Puget Sound and San Diego Bay, and those were scattered. Located twenty-odd land miles south of Los Angeles, within the great arc that swings from Point Concepcion southeast to San Diego, San Pedro Bay was a poor remedy for the situation, a particularly unfortunate one for a region that in the nineteenth century was largely dependent upon the sea for its commerce and communication with the outside world. Little more than an immense mud flat, San Pedro Bay lacked all the natural requisites for a usable harbor: it had no deep water and was thus inaccessible to ships of sizable draft; it possessed no breakwaters to block the destructive southwest winds and southeast swells; and it had no surging river to keep its sea-channel clean and deep—only the anemic and thoroughly unreliable currents of the Los Angeles River. In spite of its disadvantages, however, San Pedro Bay was used early and often as a port of entry; ultimately, with the application of Yankee ingenuity and a great deal of money, it would become one of the great ports of the world.

As suggested by Dana's report, the bay was being utilized regularly even in the early nineteenth century, since its roadstead provided one of the few means on the southern coast for successful smuggling as well as access to the interior ranchos during the days of the hide and tallow trade—an industry that continued to be the region's principal enterprise until well after the gold rush. Following the period of Mexican rule in California, the insignificant little pueblo of Los Angeles slowly began to expand its interests and energies, and the port of San Pedro, as the only sea outlet within reach, was developed to meet the town's needs. One of the earliest developers was August Timms, who in the early 1850's constructed primitive, but serviceable piers and wharves

Timm's Point (foreground) and Dead Man's Island (background) flanked the entrance to the inner harbor.

from Sepulveda's Landing, later Timm's Point. He opened a small ship chandlery, a crude hotel, a marine exchange, a postal service, and a bank, and dispensed pilotage information, weather prognostications, useful history of the bay, and sundry old wives' tales to those who would listen.

Much more ambitious was Phineus T. Banning, who by 1853 was Southern California's principal stage-line operator. Far-seeing and energetic, he recognized in the embryonic port of San Pedro the absolute prerequisite of the area's future commercial development. After Congress declared the bay an official Port of Entry in 1853, complete with a customs house and a collector of the port, Banning put his energies to work. He constructed his own pier at Timm's Point in competition with those of Timms and linked it to his staging operations. Following this, he purchased 2,400 acres of land behind Rattlesnake Island deep within the inner harbor at San Pedro, moved his home and offices to it, hired a surveyor, and in September of 1858 officially opened the town of Wilmington. He promised, among other things, that the new port town would provide steamer service for the lightering of cargo and the transfer of passengers from coastal vessels anchored beyond the bay's treacherous bars. For the next decade and more he made his promise hold good with the tiny steamers *Ada Hancock* and *Cricket* and a tough little shallow-draft tug named the *Comet*.

Northward up the shallow, twisting channel was Wilmington—Phineus Banning's "folly."

In spite of Banning's efforts—which included the dredging of a sizeable channel through the sand bars ringing the inner harbor—San Pedro Bay remained, at best, a barely adequate port facility interminably beset by

The steamer "Hermosa" moves cautiously up the channel past fish-littered mud flats.

punishing southeast winds. As Los Angeles continued to grow, however, it was obvious that somehow, some way, the port would have to be transformed from its backward state to a condition capable of servicing a steadily expanding area. The need for an inner harbor of smooth water protected by a breakwater was becoming decisive. It was equally obvious that the needed improvements could not be met with private and local assistance alone; only state and federal assistance of significant measure could make it possible, thus setting the scene for several decades of infighting among private and public interests.

The voters of the City and County of Los Angeles took a major step in March, 1868, by passing a $225,000 bond issue to build the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad from Los Angeles to the Banning anchorage at Wilmington. This marked the beginning of serious efforts to develop adequate harbor facilities in the San Pedro area. Opening for service on October 29, 1869, it soon proved of considerable worth to both Los Angeles and Wilmington. Shortly afterwards, the United States Army Engineers, surveying the inner harbor approaches to Wilmington, recommended that the gap between Rattlesnake Island and Deadman's Island be closed by the construction of a breakwater formed of log cribs filled with rocks. This would prevent additional sand from washing into the shallow channel, and the currents created by the tides would eventually scour and deepen the channel to the sea.

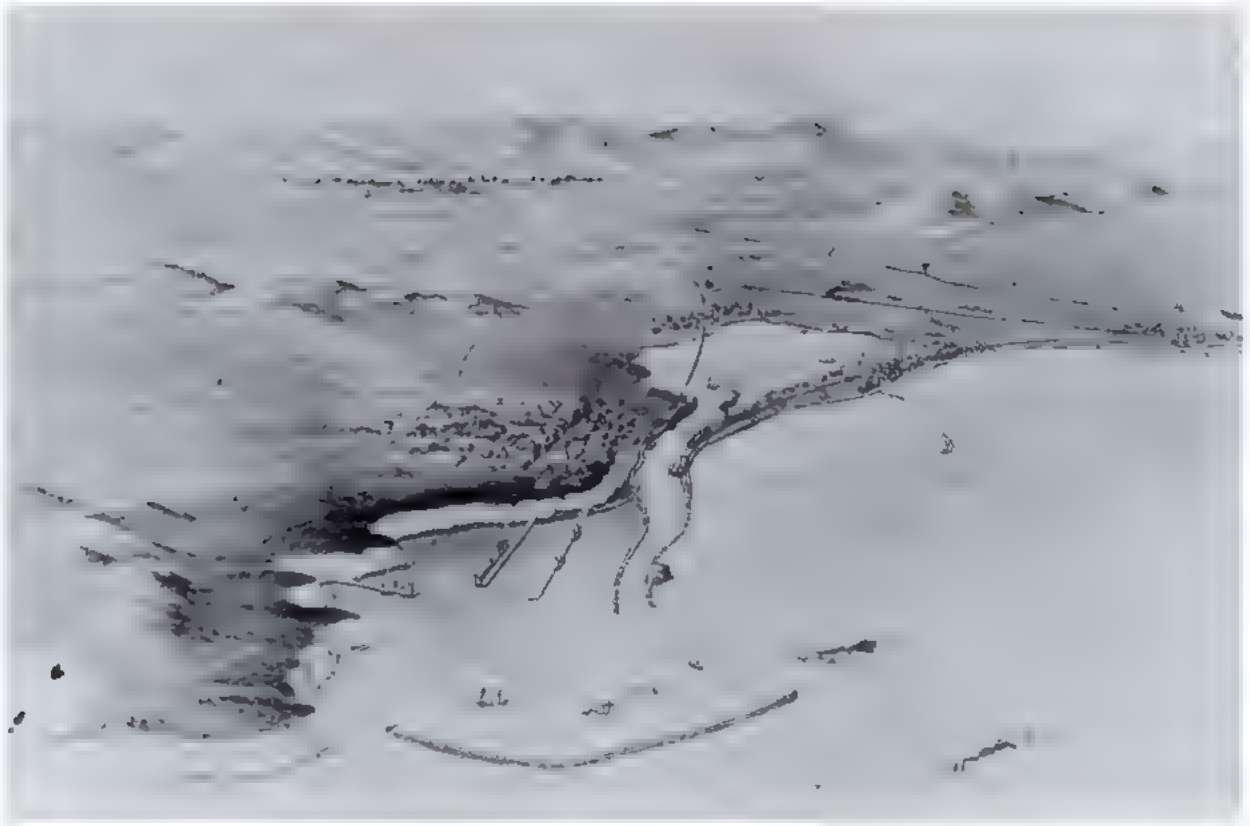
In 1870 millions of dollars were voted in Washington for national port improvements, and all of them, with the exception of $31,000 for

(Right): Protected from the sea by a thin line of man-planted rocks, the channel of the inner harbor was constantly threatened by newly-forming sandbars. The local pilots were fishermen who might place night lanterns on the channel markers—or might not

(Below): Loaded with coal and lumber, bar-bound vessels wait beyond Dead Man's Island (background). For the ships already at the wharves, the questionable delights of water front San Pedro were a stone's throw and a dollar away

Oregon, went to Atlantic ports. Congress finally voted an appropriation on March 2, 1871, for the creation of a harbor at San Pedro Bay, but not until October of that year was effective work started on the breakwater recommended by the Army Engineers. Rock used in the construction was quarried on nearby Catalina Island and carried across the channel by steamer. Winter storms conveniently washed up a substantial embankment of sand against the breakwater, strengthening it immeasurably. In the early fall of 1874, Congress approved federal funds for dredging at San Pedro to deepen the channel to eighteen feet. They created at the same time a port of entry at Wilmington with a deputy customs collector on hand. The contracts for the dredging were soon let, and by the year's end 350 steamers and 94 sailing vessels had entered the port and been successfully served.

In 1875 wooden piles were driven into nearby Santa Monica Bay for an 1,100-boat wharf, owned by the newly formed Los Angeles and Independence Railroad (which was, in turn, owned by Nevada Senator John Jones). This set the stage for a major battle for federal harbor improvement funds between the Southern Pacific Railroad, determined to develop the harbor at San Pedro for its own ends, and the new line, bent on creating the Port of Los Angeles at the terminus of their own tracks at the bay of Santa Monica. The Southern Pacific had entered the picture in a rather forceful fashion. Building south across the Tehachapis, the railroad had acquired the right-of-way to San Pedro from the Los Angeles city fathers by threatening to bypass the city if its demands were not met. The city gave in, and in 1875 the Southern Pacific extended its tracks south to the bay. The SP then initiated a costly rate war with the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad and in 1876 forced the competing line to sell out. For a time Southern Pacific



enjoyed a monopoly of rail transportation from San Pedro Bay, as well as temporary supremacy in the struggle to control Southern California harbor development.

The 1880's witnessed a series of successful congressional battles to obtain funds for the further expansion and development of the inner harbor at San Pedro, and by 1888 federal appropriations totalled nearly one-half million dollars. Among other things, these funds enabled the construction of a 400-foot jetty extending seaward from Deadman's Island, and additional and continuing dredging that quickened the tidal current over the bar at the mouth of the channel. The decade also saw an end to the monopoly of the Southern Pacific.

The extension of the transcontinental railroad to Southern California during this period afforded bargain-rate transportation to all. Fantastically low rates plus massive, successful land promotion produced the "Boom of the Eighties" in all of the counties south of the Tehachapi Mountains. Land speculation soared, real estate values increased astronomically, and the economy of the southland was radically transformed. Shipping at San Pedro increased from 194,397 tons in 1885 to 517,740 tons in 1888. New railroads were built and soon provided competition to the Southern Pacific in San Pedro. The Santa Fe arrived at San Diego in 1885 and quickly extended its trackage into Redondo Beach, building a wharf there for freight and passengers. A convenient submarine trench, directly offshore alongside the railroad wharf, provided easy access for deep-draft vessels. In 1890 the newly formed Redondo Railroad added to the Southern Pacific's problems by also servicing Redondo Beach, increasing the seaborne tonnage handled by the port. To bar-bound San Pedro, even with federal assistance, the outlook was bleak.

A major consequence of this new activity was to focus the attention of

Left): From ship to wharf and thence by railroad to waiting markets. The basic plan for the expansion of San Pedro Harbor was altogether reasonable and practical—but faced the bitter opposition of the Southern Pacific Railroad

Below): Massive chunks of quarried granite buttressed the new breakwater's wooden piling. From railroad flatcars it was lightered out into the bay by tugs, and dropped

the Southern Pacific ever more seriously on the development of a deep-water harbor outside the inner harbor, so that it could once more enjoy a trade unhampered by competition. Early in 1888 the Southern Pacific extended its road southward from San Pedro two miles along the bluff towards Point Fermin, crossing disputed federal lands and started wharf construction into the bay. Ultimately, however, mounting problems—including lack of an outer harbor breakwater, the collapse of the land boom, and a legal struggle with the federal government over rights-of-way near Point Fermin—forced the Southern Pacific to abandon its efforts along these lines. The principal obstacle, most likely, was the serious competition offered by the newly formed Los Angeles Terminal Railway that opened for service at San Pedro in 1891, directly across the channel from the Southern Pacific. It was widely believed that the new railroad was financially supported by the Union Pacific and that it was an ill-concealed effort by that line to "muscle in" on the port area of San Pedro.

At the request of Congress, in December, 1891, Colonel George Mendell and a supporting board of engineers recommended San Pedro Bay as the most eligible location for building a deep-water harbor with federal funds. Based on the soundest of engineering reasons, the recommendation received serious attention in Congress. Early congressional action for funds to advance this choice was anticipated, and the prospect did not escape the attention of Southern

(Left): The SP's magnificent "Long Wharf" at Santa Monica was a gamble that didn't pay out

(Above): On familial land, astride his own horse, Ramon Sepulveda joins festivities following the completion of the new breakwater. (Below): The 14,000-candlepower breakwater light stood 70 feet above the sea as a symbol of progress and prosperity; it remains a source of pride to southlanders today.

Pacific's wary Collis P. Huntington in Washington.

Deeply concerned about the implications of funding the Mendell board's recommendations, the Southern Pacific extended its Santa Monica branch line two miles to the north along the Santa Monica Bay shore and quickly constructed at that point the famous Long Wharf—1,500 feet long and 130 feet wide, terminating in five and one-half fathoms of water. The wharf accommodated coal bunkers, cargo-handling equipment, warehouses and a depot. In lieu of any other business, it serviced the Southern Pacific's own needs for coal and redwood ties. Protected by a 150-foot-high earth palisade, free of any direct rail competition, it was a striking opportunity for the Southern Pacific to once again corner the sea trade.

In order to implement the Mendell report, the Senate Commerce Committee in 1892 considered the authorization of $250,000 for breakwater construction in the outer harbor at San Pedro. Hoping to thwart this action, which would dash the Southern Pacific's hope of obtaining federal funds for its own harbor developments at Santa Monica, William Hood, chief engineer for the railroad, wired the committee to claim that a rocky bottom made San Pedro an unsuitable holding ground for anchorages, citing this condition as primarily responsible for the Southern Pacific's termination of efforts there in 1888–1889. His contention was without foundation. The bay bottom at San Pedro was in no way rocky, and four years later the same Mr. Hood, to his intense chagrin, publicly and explicitly so stated. The telegram nevertheless provided the committee chairman, Senator William P. Frye of Maine—self-admittedly hostile to San Pedro's independent aspirations—a suitable opportunity to head off the appropriation; he recommended in its place appointment of a board of inquiry.

The Craighill board was set up to investigate the relative suitability of Santa Monica and San Pedro as potential harbor sites. After a prolonged series of stormy, vituperative hearings in Los Angeles, their report, issued in 1892, again chose San Pedro. Previous federal aid to inner harbor improvement at San Pedro, as well as an expressed belief in eventual large scale Asian and Australian trade, played a large part in the board's decision. Hope for a successful canal across the isthmus of Panama bulwarked their expectations for increased transpacific trade.

The Southern Pacific was outraged. In a prolonged campaign marked by grim persistence, Collis Huntington directed a nearly successful effort to reverse the Craighill board's recommendation. In 1896, with Senator Frye's active assistance and his own widespread influence throughout Washington, Huntington managed to persuade the Senate Commerce Committee to recommend the award for breakwater construction to Port Los Angeles in Santa Monica instead of San Pedro.

The astonishment and anger of the people in Los Angeles was almost beyond belief. Reacting swiftly on May 8 and May 9, 1896, Senator Stephen M. White of California, a partisan of the proposed harbor site at San Pedro, spoke with enough eloquence in the Senate to persuade his colleagues to overrule their own Commerce Committee, accepting instead Senator White's amendment for an appropriation of $2,900,000 for breakwater construction *somewhere* in the Los Angeles area. The precise location was to be determined by a board of engineers made up of other than Army Corps of Engineers per-

A three-masted schooner wallows helplessly in the treacherous southwest seas of Redondo Beach—one dramatically illustrated reason why Redondo never could have become the great port of Los Angeles.

sonnel. Finally in March, 1897, the Walker board decided on San Pedro Bay for many of the same reasons given by the Craighill board in 1892.

Stung as he was by this second defeat, Huntington's opposition continued. Under his pressure, Secretary of War Russell A. Alger displayed admirable skill for over a year in resisting the implementation of the Walker board's decision. Massive and effective pressure from the City of Los Angeles, however, finally forced him to solicit bids and make a final award of the breakwater construction contracts. The Southern Pacific had finally lost and left the conflict.

The successful contractors were a Chicago firm, Heldmaier and Neu, whose low bid of $1,303,198 secured them the award. The first bargeloads of Catalina-quarried stone for the outer harbor breakwater were dumped into the bay on April 26, 1899—an occasion celebrated by a two day festival in both Los Angeles and San Pedro. Free Harbor Day in San Pedro featured a free barbecue for all in the style of the old days, atop the windy heights of Point Fermin.

Secretary Alger, still resentful, charged the original contractors with unjustifiably slow progress and abruptly canceled their contract, which was then rebid and awarded to the California Construction Company of San Francisco. The new contractors abandoned boat and barge transport of the quarried stone, substituting rock from Southern California quarries at Chatsworth and Daclez in San Bernardino County and shipping it to San Pedro over Southern Pacific tracks—an ironic development. The rock-filled cars were run directly out on the wooden trestles forming the breakwater and dumped over the side into the bay.

Completed in 1910, the outer harbor breakwater was 9,250 feet long, 200 feet thick at its base, 20 feet wide, and on the average 64 feet high. The outer end boasted a modern lighthouse, 70 feet above water, equipped with a flashing, 14,000-candlepower light. The completion of the breakwater assured the eventual development of San Pedro Bay into the major engineering marvel it is today. Land fills followed one another in rapid succession. The incorporation of the town of San Pedro into the City of Los Angeles to secure funds for wharf and warehouse expansion was a significant step, and the completion of the Panama Canal provided a major impetus to transpacific trade. Federal construction of Fort MacArthur at Point Fermin for coastal defense, as well as the growth in nearby Long Beach of an important Navy fleet and repair base, added materially to the commercial growth of the area.

After thirty years of struggle, Los Angeles had its major deep-water port —a port capable of handling the commerce of a region whose twentieth-century growth would be one of the marvels of history; the little Bahia de San Pedro of the Spanish, with its glistening mud flats and impassable sand bars, had become a thriving example of man's insistent determination to alter the most hostile of environments to meet the needs of an increasingly complex age. ☙

Robert A. Weinstein, *graphics editor of* The American West *and a recognized authority on maritime history and the history of photography, is a graphics designer and artist whose illustrations recently appeared in a two-volume edition of Richard Henry Dana's* Two Years Before the Mast *(1964).*

Beacon Street, San Pedro. Sailors from every land knew its saloons, pleasure palaces, and other entertainments luminous with sin. In time the hulls were finally leveled, the streets paved, the prostitutes driven out, and all the antiseptic virtues of twentieth-century Main Street replaced the vigorous seaport depravity of San Pedro — the million-dollar mud flat

TO THE KLONDIKE

With a Big Dog Who Met Jack London

BY MARSHALL BOND

Edited with commentary by Marshall Bond, Jr.

Editor's note: *The western frontier was a time and a place for adventurers, men whose capacity for enthusiasm found whole-souled expression in a wide sweep of land whose horizons were promises—promises of wealth, of opportunity, of new beginnings. Wanderers with the light of tomorrow in their eyes, they crossed and recrossed the West in search of answers to old dreams, and many left as their most cherished legacy the memory of this fast-vanishing frontier.*

One of the most venturesome of these pilgrims was a young man by the name of Marshall Bond, a graduate of Yale in 1888 (and a classmate of Thomas Emerson Ripley, another seeker whose memoirs of the Pacific Northwest appeared in our September issue) soon to begin a long, exciting and exuberant career as a mining promoter. Until his death in 1941, his journeyings took him over an incredible expanse of western territory, from the tangled wilderness of the Yukon to the mountains of Mexico, from the turn-of-the-century mining rushes of Nevada, Idaho, and Arizona to those of the Mojave Desert in the 1930's. Thoroughly fascinated by what he saw and experienced, Bond meticulously recorded his adventures in diaries and letters. His writings have been edited with extensive commentary by his son, Marshall Bond, Jr., and will be published shortly by the University of New Mexico Press as Gold Hunter: The Adventures of Marshall Bond.

In the following article adapted from Gold Hunter, *Bond and his brother Louis travel to the Klondike during the great rush of 1897–98 and meet in Dawson City a man whose own wanderings in the West were a match for those of any man: Jack London. In a curious addendum to history, the article relates the source of London's inspiration for Buck, canine hero of the* Call of the Wild, *whose anthropomorphic adventures as a sled dog in Alaska and eventual escape to the joys of a wild existence have delighted three generations of twentieth-century readers.*

In the late summer of 1896 a prospector named George Carmack wandered up the Klondike, a tributary of the Yukon, and found gold at the juncture of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. The values recovered close to the surface were unimpressive, and it was not until the end of the year, when bedrock was reached, that the enormous concentrations of gold discovered stirred the imagination of the world. When the S.S. *Portland* docked in Seattle on July 17, 1897, with the first regular shipment of gold from Alaska, Marshall Bond saw the heavy sacks of nuggets unloaded and transported for safekeeping to the vaults of Wells Fargo. An employee showed him some of the gold and told him the shipment was worth $300,000. Later estimates claimed it weighed over two tons and was valued at more than $1,000,000. The Seattle depression immediately gave way to a mad scramble for goods.

Galvanized into action by the sight of such wealth, Bond and his brother Louis organized an expedition and borrowed enough money from their father to buy a year's supply of food and equipment at something like reasonable prices. Marshall sailed aboard the S.S. *Queen* on July 23 with an English friend, Stanley Pearce. Louis left two days later on the S.S. *Mexico*. They arrived in Skagway about a week ahead of the main rush.

Skagway at the time consisted of but one house where a few dock and trail workers boarded. A man named George ran the place, and his beefy young mistress presided over the kitchen. Since Bond and his party were camped in the timber nearby, they saved both time and food by taking their meals in the boardinghouse. Competition for space at the table being keen, they adroitly cultivated George and outrageously flattered the cook—even making the absurd suggestion that she accompany them to Dawson.

In the meantime a small packtrain had arrived in Skagway, and as George was not without influence, Bond's party offered to pay him if he could procure its services for the White Pass Trail. After a lengthy silence he asked Bond to go with him to the edge of the timber, where he said, "Mr. Bond, I don't want any money, but if I get you this packtrain, will you agree not to take my woman away?"

Although Bond swore that they had only been joking and would not take a woman over that rough trail under any circumstances, it was not easy to convince George. (A month later that unfortunate woman agreed to go with another man who really did want her. Blinded by love and jealousy, George killed the offender, the woman, and himself.)

The S. S. Portland enters the Straits of Juan de Fuca carrying the first gold from Alaska—an estimated $1,000,000.

The Bonds had already arranged the packtrain and left—without the woman. Marshall described the trip through the lakes and down the Yukon to Dawson City in his journal:

For the "Chechako," or newcomer, unfamiliar with the country and its conditions, there were many severe and trying tests for his courage all along the inland water route. While we were waiting for more favorable weather, two men with packs on their backs came along following the shore line of the lake on their way back to Skagway. They told us that a Negro they had taken with them had stolen their boat and supplies. We naturally expressed our indignation at a theft of this kind and volunteered to do what we could to bring the culprit to justice when we arrived in Dawson. We were surprised not only to perceive an indifference on their part to their misfortune but a disinclination to have merited punishment meted out to the author of it. We subsequently learned that the sudden and violent storms at this season of the year had so shaken the nerves of the two white men that they had quit and turned their outfit over to the Negro. They retreated ignominiously and excused their cowardice by insinuating treachery to a man who had surpassed them in courage. . . .

The outlet of Lake La Barge is known as Thirty Mile River, and about half way down it we made camp. The country through which we had traveled since leaving Lake Bennett was a primeval wilderness without one white inhabitant, and only a few nomadic Indians. These were living in a condition only two jumps ahead of starvation, and many were suffering from tuberculosis. They had brush lean-tos in front of which a fire was kept going as they had scarcely any bedding. There are few experiences more stirring to the emotions than traveling through a vast wilderness. . . .

On September 30 we passed the mouth of White River. It was pouring a vast quantity of ice into the Yukon. The luxury of gliding along the current came to an end by reason of the ice. It was an interminable job getting ashore to camp in the swift and congested current and even more dangerous getting back into the stream again in the morning. Fallen trees, their roots still holding to the bank, stretched out over the river in many places which with the swiftly flowing ice threatened to fill and crush our boats. Clearing these obstacles from our course was terrifying and sometimes dangerous work and occupied a week before we arrived in Dawson. . . .

At 3:30 P.M. we reached "Louse Town," that part of Dawson on the south side of the Klondike River where it flows into the Yukon. Our journey was over, and it had taken us seventy-three days from the time we landed in Skagway. Dawson was situated on a flat piece of ground that stretched along the river for half a mile, and back from it about a quarter mile to the hills behind.

The stores and warehouses of the two commercial companies, the saloons and dance halls, and the places of business occupied about two blocks along the river front. This was the center of business and social life of town. A few hundred yards up the river bank were the trim log barracks of the Northwest Mounted Police. Scattered cabins extended from behind the business section to the hills. It is probable that the town and entire surrounding district did not have a population in excess of three or four thousand.

Skagway civilization, 1907.

In a gold rush of such magnitude, it was inevitable that the Bond brothers should meet a number of highly original and colorful men, who would eventually make their marks in the world—such as Major Frederick Russell Burnham, the famous scout; Addison Mizner, the architect; and Jack London. After London's death in 1916 Bond related how they became friends in Dawson:

Shortly after our arrival in Dawson, when Pearce and I stood in front of the Dominion bar to get a drink, our reflections in the mirror resembled a couple of hobos. Two men who looked just as unkempt and forbidding as these reflections of ourselves set up a tent near our cabin until they could arrange for more permanent winter quarters. They asked to be allowed to put their provisions in our cache for the time being, to keep them from the depredations of predatory malamoot dogs, whose underfed condition kept them constantly on the lookout for an opportunity for theft, and from light-fingered marauders of our own breed. This led to an acquaintanceship which an occasional evening in our cabin ripened into friendship. One of these men was of medium height with very square broad shoulders. His face was masked by a thick, stubbly beard. A cap pulled down low on the forehead was the one touch necessary to the complete concealment of head and features, so that that part of the anatomy one looks to for an index of character was covered with beard and cap. He looked as tough and as uninviting to us as we doubtless looked to him.

On a box, out of the circle of light from the lamp, he sat in silence one night, a confusing blur of cap, mackinaw, and moccasins. Conversation turned to the subject of socialism. Some of those present confused it with anarchism. One of our number, who at least knew more of the subject than the rest of us, clarified it somewhat with his greater knowledge, but this was soon exhausted. Then from out of the shadow of the lamp, from the blur of beard and cap, came

a quick-speaking, sympathetic voice. He took up the subject from its earliest history, carried it on through a rapid survey of its most important points, and held us thrilled by the hypnotic effect which a profound knowledge of a subject expounded by an exalted believer always exerts. Intellectually he was incomparably the most alert man in the room, and we felt it. Some of us had minds as dull as putty, and some of us had been educated and drilled into a goose step of conventionalism. Here was a man whose life and thoughts were his own. He was refreshing. This was my first introduction to Jack London.

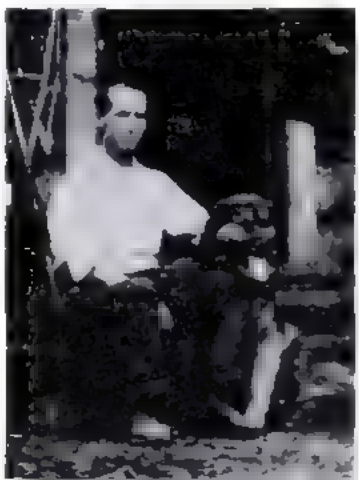
From Seattle the Bond brothers brought two splendid dogs, Jack and Pat. Jack was to become the hero of London's first big success, the *Call of the Wild,* and Marshall continued the narration of his friendship with London by describing the dog and London's fondness for him:

The two dogs we took into the country with us were fine specimens. One of them in particular had characteristics of such excellence as to be not improperly called character. He had a courage that, though unaggressive, was unyielding; a kindness and good nature that the most urbane man in the world might have observed with profit; and a willingness to do his work, and an untiring energy in carrying it out. . . .

London liked these dogs, and particularly this one which I called Jack. His manner of dealing with dogs was different from anyone I ever knew, and I remarked it at the time with interest. Most people, including myself, pat, caress, and talk in more or less affectionate terms to a dog. London did none of this. He always spoke and acted toward the dog as if he recognized his noble qualities, respected them, but took them as a matter of course. It always seemed to me that he gave more to the dog than we did, for he gave understanding.

He had an appreciative and instant eye for fine traits and honored them in a dog as he would in a man.

During the winter I was busily engaged in mining on Eldorado Creek and saw London only occasionally. He went on several sled trips to locate claims in remoter districts, and observed and drank in the life about him. . . . From a monetary point of view his experience in the Klondike was profitless. Outside of the rare piece of luck which occasionally leads a man to set his stakes on a bonanza piece of ground, mining success calls for knowledge of the subject and a certain, if not a decided, business faculty. London lacked both.



Bond with "Jack" on the steps of their Klondike home. The dog's sterling qualities provided a model for the hero of Jack London's Call of the Wild.

On the Bonanza Trail through Louse Town.

London remained in the Klondike during the winter of 1897–98, made no money, and left in the spring by way of the lower Yukon, suffering from a bad case of scurvy. He arrived home in Oakland without a cent of cash but with a gold mine of experience upon which to build his literary career. Five years after their Klondike adventures, London wrote to Marshall from Oakland, California, where the young writer was basking in the success that had greeted the *Call of the Wild,* and substantiated the claim that Bond's dog had inspired the characterization of Buck:

DEAR MARSHALL:

Lo and behold! I am just reading your letter of Oct. 12th.

About that time I jammed my unopened mail into a gun case and pulled out on a duck-hunting cruise of six weeks. During this cruise, of course, I opened my gun-case correspondence and answered it. Then I was home for a few days. During which time gun-case remained on the yacht. Last Monday pulled out on another cruise. Am now in lower end of Bay near Alviso. To-day my partner, cleaning guns, discovered your letter, crumpled up at very bottom of case where it had been jammed by the gun. It is a miracle that it was ever found. Might have remained there for years.

Yes, Buck was based upon your dog at Dawson. And of course Judge Miller's place was Judge Bond's* — even to the cement swimming tank and the artesian well. And don't you remember that your father was attending a meeting of the Fruitgrowers Association the night I visited you, and Louis was organizing an athletic club—all of which events figured with Buck, if I remember correctly. As you say you expect to be in S. C. [Santa Clara]* for Christmas I'll mail this to you there. Hope to see you soon. . . .

* *The family's ranch in the Santa Clara Valley.*

Bond remained in Alaska until the spring of 1898, and

his last Klondike letter indicates that his own finances were not much better off than London's:

In round numbers I shall have $3,000, of which Louis and Stanley get $1,000 each. Deducting Father's one-third and expenses out of the country, I shall have less than I could have made at home playing marbles or shooting craps. The experience has been a bitter one, but instructive, and personally I can accept the result quit philosophically.

As soon as I can get away from here, I shall go to town and commence converting everything into cash and rustle to dispose of my claims. But my fondest dreams will be realized if I succeed in getting together the $6,000 necessary to repay Father. I shall have some nice nuggets for you. You cannot possibly imagine how I look forward to going home. . . .

The two Bond brothers came home on separate boats. What became of the dogs remains a mystery, although it is known that Louis tried to take Jack aboard his ship, but for some reason was not allowed to do so. He left the dog behind after paying for its passage to Seattle on a later boat; but when he met the boat, the dog was not on board, and was never heard of again. Presumably he was sold by a dishonest shipping clerk.

Like most Klondike claims, the ones Bond staked contained gold but not in quantities sufficient to offset the high cost of mining it. Of the total production of $178,000,000 from that bountiful district, his share was too little even to repay his father's loan of $6,000. To make matters worse, the decision to go to the Klondike in the first place cost him a fortune. His father had been offered the Seattle *Post Intelligencer* for $150,000 and had agreed to buy it if Marshall would settle down and take over the editorship. However, Bond was so imbued with dreams of gold and high adventure that he spurned the offer. Too late he realized that the *Post Intelligencer* had been the only real gold mine within his reach—his share in it would have amounted to more than a million dollars.

Marshall Bond, Jr., *who edited the letters and journal entries appearing in this article, accompanied his father on many of his later adventures, including an expedition in the 1920's to interview surviving members of Billy the Kid's gang (a story related in* Gold Hunter).

***The S. S. Queen** at the Seattle docks, where the Klondike adventure ended.*

BOOKS FOR YOUNG WESTERNERS

By Dennis Powers

BOOKS WRITTEN ESPECIALLY for "young people"—or "young adults" or "junior readers," depending on which libraries and bookstores you go to—are a curious breed. Aimed at the reader (sometimes by appealing to a parent's nostalgia) whose age may range from ten all the way up through sixteen, such books constitute a literary subculture in which the silly, the simpleminded, and the condescending are the rule rather than the exception.

I once asked a librarian exactly what she thought the purpose of young adult books was. "In theory," she told me, "they prepare the kids for adult reading, give them a sort of bridge between Hans Christian Andersen and Henry James."

"In theory?" I said.

"Well, frankly, most of them aren't very good," she admitted. "Too many of the novels are those dreadful teen-age romances. You know the sort of thing I mean—a blonde coed learns that virtue is its own reward. Or a plain Jane discovers she's beautiful inside. Some of the nonfiction is nothing more than watered-down versions of adult books with all the interesting parts edited out."

A handful of new young adult books about the West suggests that although my librarian friend was right, there are still happy exceptions to the rule. Almost buried in the mountains of banality, an occasional vein of gold manages to catch the eye. One of the new entries is fairly dreary going, but a couple of others are good pieces of work. Still another is downright beautiful.

The outstanding member of the quartet at hand is Jack Schaefer's *Mavericks*, a novel about an old man and his memories. A distinguished writer of western fiction, Schaefer is the author of *Shane* and *Company of Cowards*. His new novel, suggested by the publishers for readers twelve and older, is a marvel of grace, style, and simplicity. Schaefer tells his story with genuine feeling and honest humor, shaping it quickly and sustaining it beautifully through the last page.

The setting is modern New Mexico, where old Jake Hanlon perches on the edge of a mesa, sunning himself and looking out over the plains. "He is ancient and craglike, weathered and withered to a thin angular shape of brittle bones and remnants of stringy muscles," Schaefer writes. "His hatchet face under his wide floppy hat brim has been whittled by age to dry leathery skin stretched taut over the bone structure beneath." Drawing on his ancient pipe, the old man enjoys the sun and remembers when, sixty years ago and more, he was tophand rider for the Triple X Ranch.

Mavericks by Jack Schaefer, illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund *(Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1967; 184 pp., illus., $3.25).*

Maheo's Children: The Legend of Little Drive River by Will Henry *(Chilton Books, Philadelphia, 1968; 148 pp., $4.50).*

Where the Wind Blew Free: Tales of Young Westerners by Gene Jones *(W. W. Norton, N. Y., 1967; 195 pp., illus., index, $2.50).*

Scurry Country Style: Stories from below the Cap Rock and Beyond by Viola M. Payne *(University of Texas, Austin, 1967; 189 pp., $5.00).*

The novel glides artfully between past and present, showing us Jake as he is now and as he was in the days when mustangs had legs, not wheels. Though he would never put it so pretentiously, Jake sees the wild mustangs of the old West as a collective symbol of the life he treasures and at the same time knows is gone forever. As his story nears its end, Jake prepares himself to die and accepts the fact that "he had outlived his time, that he had lived on into an age when man's immemorial working partner, the horse, had been pushed aside, was being permitted to continue only in pampered and penned special breeds as pawns in the racetrack business, as showthings and playthings and status symbols for people with the all-important money to spend."

Mavericks is a lovely book, with the special virtue of never patronizing a young reader. Schaefer writes clearly and simply without sacrificing subtlety or shading.

Much more simple and a great deal less subtle is Will Henry's novel, *Maheo's Children*. It is burdened with a drab prose style and an apparent conviction on the part of the author that his youthful audience (roughly the same as that for *Mavericks*, though possibly a bit younger) needs to be reminded frequently of basic premises and issues at stake in the story.

Henry's hero is Nehemiah Bleek, a self-ordained preacher who runs a mission school for Indian children orphaned by the Colorado Territory warfare between red and white man in the 1860's. Brawny and bearded, Bleek is regarded by the Cheyenne as "touched by God" (*Maheo* is the Cheyenne word for God). Government officials and military men, on the other hand, see him as a dangerous rebel whose mission school is a front for a place to hide runaway Indians wanted by the law. Bleek's major adversary is Colonel J. M. "Butcher" Chivington, commander of the Colorado military installation, whose volunteer troops roam the territory slaughtering Indians—women, children, and the aged included—at will.

Bleek and an eleven-year-old Chey-

Continued on page 60

LOOKING WESTWARD

By Joseph E. Illick

For all the natural grandeur of the west, its greatest tourist attraction is a synthetic creation: Disneyland—the subject, along with Disney's films and Disney himself, of Richard Schickel's **The Disney Version** (*Simon and Schuster, $6.50*). Those who remember Disney fondly may find this book discomforting or worse. Schickel's view is critical and frequently provocative, though not a diatribe of the sort that has often been directed at Disney's work from intellectual circles.

Schickel wisely reminds us that Disney was a businessman, not an artist; he couldn't even draw Mickey, Donald, or Pluto. And he took his product, which so clearly reflected popular values, seriously. When he said that he would "stack *Mary Poppins* against any cheap and depraved movie ever made," the *avante garde* may have correctly read this to mean that he was out of touch with the major artistic currents of his time, but most Americans simply agreed. In Disney's life and work Schickel finds "a microcosm embodying a good deal of the spirit of our times. . . . In the most childish of our mass communicators I see what is most childish and therefore most dangerous in all of us who were his fellow Americans." As to the man himself, Disney is depicted not only as an individual but a type, "the midwestern go-getter."

Walter Elias Disney was born in Chicago in 1901, the fourth of five children. When a few years later the family moved to a farm in Missouri, young Walt became acquainted with the animals and small-town life that would become his stock in trade. In 1910 his father bought a newspaper agency in Kansas City, putting Walt and seventeen-year-old Roy to work from 3:30 A.M. to school time delivering papers. Roy soon ran away, as his two older brothers had; he later recalled, "As long as I can remember, Walt has been working."

In Kansas City he also was introduced to the theater, received his first art instruction, and stood up to his bullying father. After two years in Chicago, where his father had bought a jelly factory, Walt returned to Kansas City with a high school diploma and the desire to be an artist for the *Star*, for which he had once been a delivery boy. The *Star* was not interested; but Disney did meet Ub Iwerks, later his chief artist in Hollywood, and the two young men tried against heavy odds to forge a career in commercial art and films. "In retrospect," Schickel observes, "the three years in Kansas City seem to have been the last chance for him as an artist. Had they been less harassed and desperate, it is possible—just barely possible—that he might have been able to integrate into a unique artistic personality the ego so badly shredded in his loveless, rootless childhood. Instead, he adopted, with very little need of modification, a prevalent mass style—that of the go-getter—and then he got out to get."

When Disney entered the field, Hollywood's animated films were in a primitive stage, artistically and financially. The young man from Kansas City insisted on technical perfection; he borrowed money, plowed all profits back into production, and managed to make a decent arrangement with a New York distributor. He began with a series of cliché-ridden clips, entitled *Alice in Cartoonland*, but it was Mickey Mouse who laid the base for his success. The famous rodent was conceived at the very time that sound film was introduced, and Disney, never one to deny technological progress, produced *Steamboat Willie* to feature his new creation. This talkie ran the gamut of technical and distributional problems, which were met with Disney's familiar combination of ability, stubbornness, and luck. Initially, Mickey was "quick and cocky and cruel, at best a fresh and bratty kid, at worst a demonic monster." Disney had to sweeten his disposition to make him a star, solved the problem of keeping a bland mouse fresh and amusing by changing his locale and his roles.

Work was Disney's ethic, and in 1931 it drove him to collapse. He took a long trip to recover, then experimented with athletics, arising at four-thirty in the morning to get his golf out of the way and still reach the studio early. Almost monomaniacal about his career, he was possessive about his empire, paternalistic toward his employees, and a perfectionist about his product. Professionally, it all paid off; between 1932 and 1942 Disney failed only twice to win an Oscar for the best cartoon of the year. The first award went to the *Three Little Pigs*, which advanced Herbert Hoover's solution to the Depression: self-reliance and hard work. Other winners, such as the *Tortoise and the Hare*, also contained timely messages based on Disney polit-

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BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE . . .

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New from Nebraska

MY LIFE WITH HISTORY: An Autobiography

By John D. Hicks

No name is more prominently identified with the teaching of American history than that of John D. Hicks, whose distinguished career has been spent mainly at three universities—Nebraska, Wisconsin, and the University of California, Berkeley. Far more than an *apologia pro vita sua*, this autobiography illuminates the changing customs of American society and something of the inside workings of the institutions at which the author has served. *Cloth* **$5.95**

THE WARRIOR WHO KILLED CUSTER: The Personal Narrative of Chief Joseph White Bull

Translated and edited by James H. Howard

Fifty-five years after the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Miniconjou Chief Joseph White Bull, who had taken part in the fight, drew and annotated a pictographic account of his personal exploits in which he claimed to have killed General Custer. All 39 pictographs are reproduced, 16 in color, the narrative includes a written winter count.

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Introduction by Agnes Wright Spring

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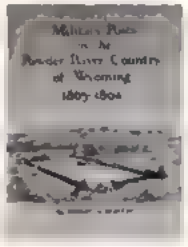

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By Robert A. Murray

Dramatic conflicts in the Powder River country have tended to obscure the history of its military posts and the background in which these conflicts occurred. Derived wholly from primary sources, this study examines the context in which the forts functioned and their structural history and resources. It includes an extensive collection of maps, plans, drawings, and photos.

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By Nannie Alderson and Helena Huntington Smith

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By Wayne Gard

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A WESTERN GATHERING

Red Power

Wilcomb E. Washburn, *curator for the Smithsonian Institution, is editor of a recent anthology,* The Indian and the White Man.

The Indian, like the poor, we have always with us. But no longer are Indians merely the subject of superficial, condescending, and misguided accounts. Like the poor, the Indian is attracting the attention of increasingly sophisticated scholars. He is, moreover, finding his own voice and a means of expressing his own point of view.

The Indian culture is in a very real sense a culture of poverty, deprivation, despair, and hopelessness. Even the locale of Indian culture increasingly approximates the locale of urban poverty. By acts of omission and commission the federal government has encouraged the American Indian to leave the desolate rural wastes to which he had been confined by a white government, and to assume an equally impoverished status in the desolate urban wastes of our industrial cities. That the Indian problem would eventually become an urban one should have been anticipated by those who provided the nineteenth-century Indian population with inadequate natural resources—sufficient for the existing generation only, not for its offspring. This policy, which might charitably be attributed to ignorance, derived more probably from white greed for Indian land and the hope and expectation that the Indian would disappear, through extermination, disease, or amalgamation. But the Indian did not die out; instead, he is one of our fastest growing minorities. And he not only survived, he persevered. The contemporary Indian no longer is completely dependent upon alien voices to communicate his thoughts. Pan-Indian organizations, such as the National Congress of American Indians and the National Indian Youth Council, now speak out forcefully on issues affecting the Indian.

The individuals within a culture of poverty—especially when it is incorporated within Indian culture—are reticent and suspicious. Even at the leadership level, Indians are reluctant to write down their views and to proselytize through the white man's medium: the book. But they are willing to talk to whites; as Oscar Lewis and Stan Steiner have demonstrated, a sympathetic listener—armed with a good memory, a tape recorder, and the respect of his subjects—can serve as a credible substitute for the subject himself. Steiner's book is literally a compendium of remarks made by various radical Indian leaders—Melvin Thom and Vine Deloria, Jr. are his favorites—organized in a roughly topical form: "Education," "The War on Poverty," "The Bureau of Indian Affairs," "Fish-Ins," "The Changing Indian Woman," "Christianity in Indian Eyes," "Conferences on Indian Problems," and the like. The unifying theme throughout is "Red Power," a phrase whose attention-getting value is comprehended by the Indian leaders using it. These leaders have been influenced by the impact of Negro militancy, as expressed in the Black Power movement. If the all-powerful white man can be shaken by Black Power—wielded by a dedicated minority within a black minority—perhaps he can be similarly moved by a dedicated few talking violence and separation in behalf of a silent red minority. Both Black Power and Red Power see salvation in repudiation of the white man's culture and a return to the tribal *mores* of their own cultures. The practical outlines of such a tribal policy are not always explicit, but the rhetoric is plain: the Indian should reject any policy that seeks to make him like the white man at the expense of his "Indianness."

The weakness of Steiner's book is its loose, repetitious format. His interviews with friends—he refuses to consider them "informants"—were made specifically for broadcast over WBAI-FM, in New York, as part of an all-Indian series, "Who Speaks for the Indian?" The entire book reflects the controversial format in which these interviews were cast. Steiner, a New York journalist and

"wanderer" who stumbled upon the Indians twenty years ago in the course of his travels, wrote the book when he could not get his Indian friends to write their own.

The Indian point of view does emerge in this book. Steiner's celebration of Indian values will come as no surprise to perceptive students of the Indian, but the wide circulation of this "popular" book will bring such values home to many less thoughtful observers. The message of violence implied in "Red Power" will seem less strange to the majority race when it reflects on Clyde Warrior's plaint (quoted by Steiner), "What can you do when society tells you that you should be non-existent?"

While the contemporary Indian has been emerging from his hitherto silent culture, historians have been illuminating his often disputed past. Two particularly outstanding recent contributions are Lawrence C. Kelly's *The Navajo Indians and Federal Indian Policy, 1900–1935* and Roy W. Meyer's *History of the Santee Sioux: United States Indian Policy on Trial*. One might question the need for further illumination of the United States' policy toward our two most famous Indian nations. Yet there is always need for a good book on any subject, and both of these add significantly to our knowledge. Both are based on careful and massive research in primary sources, particularly in the National Archives. Both authors take a chronological approach, modified to meet the exigencies of problems facing the Navajo or the different bands of the Santee; both display a fine sense of judgment in weighing conflicting accounts of the stories they tell, and both assess blame and bestow credit with discrimination. Meyer, a professor of English at Mankato State College, is particularly sharp —though with a proper literary flare— in his assessment of American policy.

Finally, one must speak of Jack D. Forbes's collection of source material, *Nevada Indians Speak*. Dr. Forbes, currently a Research Program Director for the Far West Laboratory in Berkeley, has collected documents revealing the views of the Nevada Indians on the inundation of their land in the nineteenth century. Relying on the testimony of Indians like Sarah Winnemucca, granddaughter of the Northern Paiute leader who welcomed the first whites to the Nevada area (and who was given the name of Captain Truckee by Captain Fremont), Forbes successfully captures the Indian point of view toward the fateful interaction that eventually left the Nevada Indians strangers in their own country.

Taken together, the four books promote our understanding of the Indians in a number of vital areas. Better still, they make crystal clear the innumerable errors of past government policy.

The Navajo Indians and Federal Indian Policy, 1900–1935 by Lawrence C. Kelly *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1968; 221 pp., tables, illus., biblio., index, $7.50).*

History of the Santee Sioux by Roy W. Meyer *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1967; 434 pp., illus., maps, appen., biblio., index, $7.50).*

Nevada Indians Speak by Jack D. Forbes *(University of Nevada, Reno, 1967; 293 pp., biblio., notes, index, $5.75).*

White Painting

JAMES T. FORREST *is curator of the Art Museum at Big Horn, Wyoming.*

THE ARTIST HAS played an important role in documenting the history of the American frontier, adding to the drama, the color, the personal and intimate look of this varied, changing land and its people. On some occasions the artist was himself the explorer; on others he accompanied those who sought out the trails or surveyed the boundaries; and sometimes he came afterwards and commented on the changing scene or, with hindsight and study, portrayed his vision of a time that was.

Alfred Jacob Miller was hired by William Drummond Stewart, a wealthy Scottish nobleman and adventurer, to travel with him up the Missouri in 1837. Miller made at least two hundred sketches and freshly rendered watercolors, showing the landscape, the rugged members of the American Fur Trade Company, the various Indian peoples and their villages, the frontier trading posts, and the hunters and trappers at their work. Later he refined his drawings, produced oils, and copied and recopied his watercolors. The more he reworked his art in later years, the more romantic and dramatic his paintings became. The revised edition of *The West of Alfred Jacob Miller* has a greater number of color plates and an enlarged text. Miller's own comments on the sketches add much to their value.

Several government surveys have resulted in a compendium of information and a pictorial record of the West, but two are outstanding. One was produced during the Pacific Railroad Survey (1853–54); the other emerged from the 1850–52 United States-Mexico boundary survey. This latter survey, prompted by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that ended the Mexican War, exploded in confusion and indecision, while the leaders of the survey were beset by personal feuds and government ineptitude. The Gadsden Purchase of 1854 made much of the work irrelevant, but the art produced by the survey leader, John R. Bartlett, and his sometimes assistants, Henry B. Brown, Seth Eastman, Henry C. Pratt, Harrison Eastman, and others, made this expedition one of extreme interest.

In *Bartlett's West* Robert V. Hine has recounted, with impressive scholarship, the story of the artist's frustrating mission; the color, sepia, and black-and-white illustrations are excellent. Bartlett's quick sketches of events along the route are spontaneous and, many of them, filled with the feeling of movement and action. They have a chiaroscuro quality reminiscent of the sketching and painting of Dutch and Italian masters.

Endless are the names of those who have recorded the Indian, the cowboy, the prospector, the barroom tart, the gambler, the badman, and the landscape of the developing West. By the late 1890's and the early 1900's the landscape was rapidly changing as cities grew from villages and towns, as ranchland sprouted fences and was split open by the plow, as roads crisscrossed in patterns through old buffalo and Indian country. Artists like Remington and Russell, who had been on the scene earlier, lamented the passing of the West, and new painters discovered the

"pockets remaining of the virgin land." Taos and Santa Fe became artists' colonies, and several painters of merit discovered Arizona and Southern California; one of the best was Maynard Dixon.

Born in California in 1875, Dixon had become an artist by the early 1890's. In the *Maynard Dixon Sketch Book*, we see the continuing effort of the American artist to record and comment on his place and era. Dixon's sketches are exciting because they are fresh and unstudied, and one can anticipate the combining of these elements into finished paintings. If the book of sketches has a weakness—certainly it is well designed and printed—it is that it contains *only* sketches. It would have increased the book's value as a picture of the complete artist to have printed—in color—at least one good example of the mature art of this often-neglected painter of the Southwest.

Joe Beeler, a young man with a keen eye and quick mind, has been hard at work re-creating scenes of the "late Old West" for a number of years. Like the spinner of tales in the Old West, he is a storyteller. He and Charlie Russell would have had fun elbowing each other out of the campfire light, while first one and then the other "held forth for the pleasure of the boys sitting 'round." Beeler paints well and regales his readers with story and picture throughout the colorful pages of *Cowboys and Indians: Characters in Oil and Bronze*. Beeler, who now lives in Sedona, Arizona, grew up in northeastern Oklahoma. This young man could slip back in time seventy years and be completely at home with the range riders and the men who talked with and understood the harassed Indian of that time.

Those who love Russell and Remington will like Beeler's work, too. He does not copy; he has studied, looked hard, and talked with "old-timers" until he understands how things were.

The West of Alfred Jacob Miller: The Walters Collection of Two Hundred Water Colors, with Miller's contemporary notes and an account of the artist, edited by Marvin C. Ross *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1968; 203 pp., illus., index, revised and enlarged edition, $15.00).*

Bartlett's West: Drawing the Mexican Boundary by Robert V. Hine *(Yale University, New Haven, 1968; 155 pp., illus., notes, index, $12.50).*

Maynard Dixon Sketch Book, introduction and descriptive text by Don Perceval *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1967; unpaged, illus., $10.50).*

Cowboys and Indians: Characters in Oil and Bronze by Joe Beeler *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1967; 80 pp., illus., index, $7.95).*

Red Painting

JOHN C. EWERS *is ethnologist for the Smithsonian Institution, Washington*

THOSE OF US who have been accustomed to thinking of such artists as George Catlin, Alfred Jacob Miller, Albert Bierstadt, or even Frederic Remington, Charles M. Russell, and the members of the Taos School, as the pioneers of western painting should find in this book a stimulating and fascinating alternative. The words and illustrations uncover the roots, thousands of years deep, of the Indian arts of the Great Plains and the Southwest and suggest that painting, at least in a rudimentary form, was among the oldest of these arts.

Well before the arrival of Europeans, distinctive schools of painting had developed in the Southwest and the Plains. Mrs. Dunn traces through centuries of prehistoric time the southwestern Indian painting that found expression in painted pottery, pictographs on stone, and colorful murals on the walls of ceremonial chambers. About 1,000 A.D. Pueblo Indians began to paint intricate, semi-abstract murals in their sacred kivas. Much of the prehistoric painting among the southwestern tribes was symbolic, and religiously motivated, and continued in this tradition into the historic period—in Pueblo kivas and ceremonial objects, in Navaho sand paintings executed during healing rituals, and in Apache paintings of supernaturals on skins.

With the coming of the Spanish, Indian artists aided Spanish priests in decorating their churches (at least as early as the seventeenth century). But there are relatively few examples of Indian drawings on paper that antedate the beginning of the present century. Mrs. Dunn identifies Crescencio Martinez of San Ildefonsio Pueblo as the artist who pioneered in the creation of paintings on rectangular pieces of paper for a non-Indian market. Encouraged by anthropologists, artists, and other friends of the Indians, Indian artists began to create works that revealed subtle differences in style and choice of subject matter.

Mrs. Dunn has stressed the continuity of the painting tradition in the Southwest rather than the changes that followed the abandonment of work in traditional media for an Indian audience in favor of work in the white man's media for an alien patron or market. I believe, however, that these changes were demonstrated in the secularization of subject matter and the abandonment of complex symbols for genre painting-scenes of corn-grinding, hunting, kachina dances, and other traditional ceremonials.

The author's presentation of the background and development of Plains Indian painting is less satisfactory; fewer than a third of the illustrations (and only 10 percent of the color plates) are of Plains Indian art. She neither describes nor pictures any of the numerous petroglyphs executed by early plainsmen from Alberta to Texas, and she provides no illustrations of the religious art of these tribes. Confining herself to the traditional Plains Indian painting applied to the inner surfaces of buffalo robes—geometric patterns by women, and personal war records by men—Mrs. Dunn is insufficiently aware of the strong influences from outside their own culture that led to change in style and the broadening of subject matter. These pressures became evident during the transition period, when the Indians abandoned painting on skins with bone and wooden implements in favor of drawing and painting on paper in pencil, crayon, pen and ink, and watercolor, fully a half-century *before* the buffalo were exterminated, *before* inter-tribal warfare ended, and *before* the Indians were confined to reservations. (See THE AMERICAN WEST, March, 1968.)

Much of this book, however, is devoted to modern Indian painting, produced since young artists from both the Plains and the Southwest came under the

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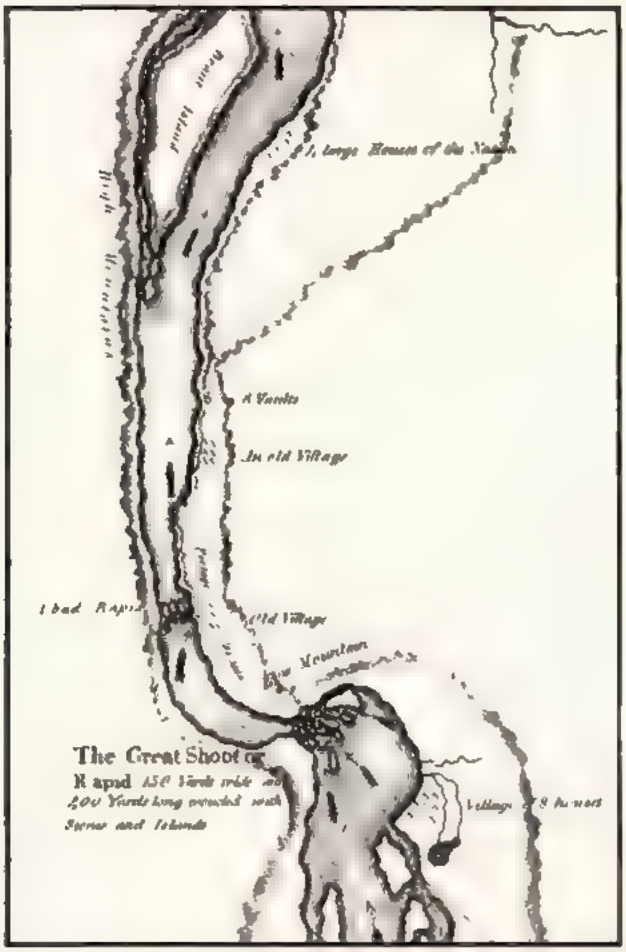

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author's influence at the Santa Fe Indian School in 1932. She was remarkably successful in helping her students to realize their individual potentials, without imposing upon them her ideas of how or what to paint. Her success is proven by the large number of able and successful Indian artists who studied under her.

Certainly Mrs. Dunn's experience uniquely qualifies her for telling the story of the modern group of schooled, but unspoiled Southwestern and Plains Indian artists. This is the strongest portion of her book, and will remain an important primary source for all future historians of Indian painting. She has known intimately the young Indian painters' struggle to develop an identifiable and marketable style. With rare skill she reviews the works of a large number of the most productive Indian artists of the past three decades, pointing out their distinctive characteristics and their aesthetic merits.

The author's discriminating taste also is revealed in her selection of the more than one hundred fifty illustrations that enrich this book. The older works are preserved in museums, but most of the modern paintings are in private hands. Fortunately, many able Indian artists are active today, and their paintings may be purchased at a small fraction of the cost of a Remington or Russell original. This book should guide many more western art enthusiasts in acquiring Indian paintings. Not only are these works both colorful and decorative — admirably suited to the walls of a modern home — but they are as traditionally western as any art can be. ❧

American Indian Painting of the Southwest and Plains Areas by Dorothy Dunn *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1968; 429 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $25.00).*

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ical conservatism. Still, it was well known that Franklin Roosevelt always enjoyed his cartoons.

The secret of Disney's success was surely not his acquaintanceship with great art; he was ignorant of even the names of the masters. Nor did he foster creativity in his studio; the Disney production line was highly specialized, each man having his own function. Indeed, he did not aim high aesthetically. "All we are trying to do," he remarked in the late 1930's, "is give the public good entertainment. That is all they want." He insisted on perfection in his films and, later, in his amusement park. One of the artists working on *Bambi* complained that he might as well have taken pictures of real deer. The pursuit of such perfection, according to Schickel, led to the atrophy of innovation.

Disney's style, his lack of aesthetic daring, was related to the content of his work. "When we do fantasy," he said, "we do not lose sight of reality." (As Rudolf Arnheim wrote: "Engineers are not artists.") Disney realized that neither his comic nor his fairy-tale characters could stretch the credibility of the audience. And when he began producing nature films in the 1950's, he applied similar standards. Reviewing the *Living Desert*, critic Bosley Crowther observed that "the playful disposition to edit and arrange . . . so that it appears the wild life . . . is behaving in human and civilized ways . . . [is] all very humorous and beguiling. But it isn't true to life."

The reduction of art and nature to easily understandable human actions and emotions was supplemented by Disney's use of nostalgia, as seen in the small-town environment of Mickey Mouse, the old-fashioned virtues of Jiminy Cricket, even the cultural conservatism of *Bambi*'s realistic illustrations. And it all reappears in Disneyland, an enormous celebration of technical virtuosity and a curiously fitting descendant of the grandiose resorts—"pleasure domes"—scattered across the West from Salt Lake City to San Francisco in the nineteenth century.

The gates of Disneyland opened in 1955, admitting over a million people in the first six months. They entered through an idealized conception of Main Street, where Disney (symbolically) maintained an apartment over the firehouse. They were met by some of the 2,300 permanent (and 2,300 more summer) employees, so-called "people specialists," who are trained, according to Schickel, "in the modern American art-forms—pioneered by the airlines—of the frozen smile and the canned answer delivered with enough spontaneity to make it seem unprogrammed." Passing through Main Street, they may visit Tomorrowland (technological progress), Fantasyland (childish delight), Adventureland (dreams of exploration, the least Disneylike area of the park), and Frontierland (more nostalgia).

It is imaginative, but not daring. As Schickel observes, "What is frustrating about it is that it is not better than it is, that just when something has about captured you, caused you willingly to suspend disbelief, the 'imagineers' [Disney's label for the designers of the park] rudely nudge you awake and whisper 'Just kidding folks.' " It is an engineering wonder (which may be today's popular art), as is the graven image of Abe Lincoln created by a division of Disney

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enterprises called Audio-Animatronics for the Illinois exhibit at the 1964 World's Fair, a mechanical version of P. T. Barnum's nineteenth-century museum and circus freaks.

In the nineteenth century people gawked at human curiosities, wondering why they existed. (When Tom Thumb, Barnum's famous midget, visited the White House, six-footer Abraham Lincoln is supposed to have remarked: "God does some funny things. Here you have the long and the short of it.") The twentieth-century man marvels at machinery, wondering how it works and what it can do. Disney embodied this obsession, even to the point of desiring absolute control over environment: the planned Disneyworld in Florida, under a bubble dome, is to have a constant temperature.

Conservationists in California are presently bemoaning the possible realization of Mineral King, a Disney-created winter recreation area that would require an access road through Sequoia National Park. This situation is both deplorable and entirely apt. We may be dismayed that there is as little respect for undisturbed nature as there is for *haute culture*, but that is the price of democracy. Walt Disney, no democrat but a dedicated entrepreneur, knew that the people set the standards, and he knew what those standards were.

The Disney Version: The Life, Times, Art and Commerce of Walt Disney by Richard Schickel *(Simon & Schuster, N. Y., 1968; 384 pp., biblio., index, $6.50).*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BY FEROL EGAN

Note: This marks the first appearance of a column that will be appearing regularly in THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW. Ferol Egan, a free-lance writer and frequent contributor to THE AMERICAN WEST, is author of *The El Dorado Trail*, forthcoming from McGraw-Hill, and is currently working on a history of Fort Churchill for Prentice-Hall's *American Forts* series.

Mountain Charley or the Adventures of Mrs. E. J. Guerin Who Was Thirteen Years in Male Attire by Mrs. E. J. Guerin, introduction by Fred W. Mazulla and William Kostka *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 112 pp., $2.95).*

MOUNTAIN CHARLEY is either a tall tale given veracity by historical distance, or one of the damndest, wildest stories of the whole westward movement. Mountain Charley's career included the following: cabin boy, second pantryman, and second waiter on Mississippi steamboats; brakeman on the Illinois Central Railroad; California gold seeker via the Overland Route; saloon worker, then saloonkeeper in Sacramento; packer; Shasta Valley rancher; fur trader on the North and South Platte rivers; bakery and saloon owner in Denver; and Colorado gold miner. And Mountain Charley did all this while disguising her real sex.

To add more to this wild tale, there appears to have been more than one Mountain Charley. The lives of both are presented in this slim book. Whatever it lacks in literary polish, it more than makes up for in incredible stories of one or more Wild West Amazons who passed beyond the sexual barrier and pioneered in more ways than one.

A Trip to Yellowstone National Park in July, August, and September, 1875 by General W. E. Strong, introduction by Richard A. Bartlett *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 165 pp., illus., $2.95).*

HERE IS a wonderful description of a wilderness tour made in the grand style of the nineteenth century. As Bartlett points out in his excellent introduction, generals Belknap, Marcy, Forsyth, and Jones traveled in style. With the services of junior officers and enlisted men, they were free to enjoy the wonders of Yellowstone National Park. They caught thousands of trout—ranging in size from two and one-half to four pounds each; they shot buffalo, deer, dusky grouse, sage hens, and blue-winged teal, but still were a bit disappointed in the hunting.

This account is so far removed from today that it strains the imagination. But it must have been grand to drink champagne and claret in celebration of General Strong's birthday and to feast on

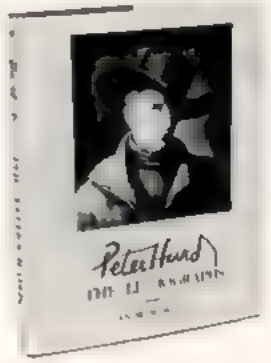
trout, grouse, and venison carefully prepared by the enlisted men. Most of all, it would have been delightful to travel through Yellowstone as the *only* tourists in the park.

The Apache Frontier by Max L. Moorhead *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 309 pp., illus., biblio., $6.95).*

THIS IS a classic study of Spanish-Indian relations in the vast area of northern Mexico during Jacabo Ugarte's tours of frontier duty between 1769 and 1791. Against these nomadic warriors who specialized in guerrilla tactics, Spain's rule-book was no match.

Through Ugarte's policies, Spanish soldiers won a few token victories, suffered many hit-and-run defeats, and approached something like a balance between peace and periodic raids. Yet by trade, bribery, and the technique of divide-and-conquer, this tough Spaniard came closer than any other officer of New Spain's frontier army to obtaining a lasting peace in northern Mexico.

Moorhead tells it like it was, and it was pure hell.



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Penny-an-Acre Empire in the West collected and edited by Edgar I. Stewart *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 268 pp., map, index, $6.95).*

WHEN Brevet Major General William B. Hazen published the pamphlet *Our Barren Lands* in January, 1875, readers learned he believed that "between the one hundredth meridian and the Sierras . . . the want of moisture" would prevent the development of populated areas. Adding insult and injury to the plans of such land-promotion schemers as Jay Cooke and the Northern Pacific Railroad, Hazen bluntly stated that the country would not "sell for one penny an acre, except through fraud or ignorance."

Thus, began a feud between land promoters and their critics, who insisted that the region in question was the Great American Desert and would never be anything else. The unfolding of this feud, as well as the personal one between George Armstrong Custer and Hazen, his former teacher at West Point, is neatly presented through material from selected primary sources. The result is a clear picture of the misunderstandings about the so-called Great American Desert that persist to this day.

Fort Defiance and the Navajos by Maurice Frink *(Pruett Press, Boulder, Colorado, 1968; 124 pp., illus., source notes, $2.75 paper, $4.00 cloth).*

THIS SHORT BOOK is jammed with information—tracing the Navajos from their first appearance in the Southwest, through their hardship years at the hands of the United States, and bringing them up to their present position as a vital Indian community functioning with greater and greater self-sufficiency within the Anglo world. The author and his wife lived with the Navajos for a year, and the book shows this experience as essential to the shaping of their history.

There are included some rare pictures of Navajos of the past, which make a fascinating contrast to pictures of contemporary Navajos. Altogether, this is a fine contribution to both Indian and American history, and a good first step for Anglos willing to begin their "long walk" on the trail to understanding of another race and another culture.

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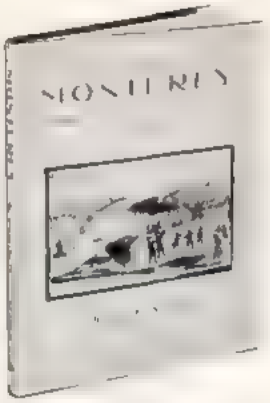

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YOUNG WESTERNERS

(Continued from page 49)

enne boy named Red Dust (an obligatory character in such novels) join forces in a plot to defeat Chivington as he gathers his forces for a massive attack on the Cheyenne. Mixing fiction and fact with a heavy hand, the novel plods toward a climax based on the infamous Sand Creek massacre, the barbaric destruction of the last great Cheyenne encampment. The end of the novel finds Bleek and a band of game Indian orphans setting out to build a new mission school in Kansas.

A much more satisfactory blend of fiction and fact turns up in an engaging item called *Where the Wind Blew Free*, by Gene Jones. It offers factual accounts —with fictional trimmings added here and there—of young people caught up in the westward movement, all of them victims, in one way or another, of Manifest Destiny. The book presents ten accounts of extraordinary adventure, each preceded by a brief introduction sketching major historical events and situations relevant to the story.

Among the more intriguing of the accounts is that of Cynthia Ann Parker, captured at the age of nine by Comanches in an attack on Fort Parker, Texas, in 1836. Renamed Preloch by her new people, she lived with them for nearly twenty-five years. In 1851, her brother John got word of Cynthia Ann's whereabouts, visited her at a Comanche settlement, and tried earnestly to persuade his sister to leave with him. "No," she explained. "I have my husband, my sons. All I love is here."

Nine years later, when her village was raided by Texas Rangers, she was taken and returned to her white family. By then she had forgotten all her English. She made repeated attempts to escape and go to her Comanche family, but the Parkers invariably brought her back. Lonely and miserable in the strange white world, she died in 1864.

Another absorbing account tells of Joaquin, an admittedly ugly Mexican boy of ten, who one day asked a passing band of Kiowas if they would please take him with them. "Teach me to be an Indian," he begged, and they did. In the remaining seventy years of his life Joaquin lived as a Kiowa, never once returning to his former home in Chihua-

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hua. Called Mo-Keen by the Kiowas, he outlived three wives and a son, was converted to Christianity in his old age, and came to be known as "Man of Iron" by his adopted tribe.

Jones is at his best when he writes crisp, clean narration. The least effective moments in *Where the Wind Blew Free* are those in which Jones "dramatizes" his history with interior monologues. All things considered, however, his book—illustrated with photographs and indexed—is a good one. The publishers recommend it for youngsters from age ten through fourteen.

Although Viola M. Payne's *Scurry County Style* was not written primarily for young readers, it is a far better choice for a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old than most of the fiction all too tailor-made for him. This fine collection of stories and vignettes about contemporary life in rural West Texas is an excellent example of the sort of book that really does provide "transitional" reading for the teenager not quite ready to plunge into all the complexities of modern fiction.

The characters in these stories are mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, husbands and wives, coping as best they can with everyday situations. The situations will be familiar to almost any reader, yet Mrs. Payne gives them freshness and meaning through her insight. For many of the characters, the past is vividly present in their lives; the bond that ties them to the history of their region is a strong one. Tradition and a sense of location give order to every activity of the daily round.

Mrs. Payne knows the people she writes about. Her dialogue—rich in regionalisms—almost always has a true sound, and her writing in general is pleasantly spare and straightforward. One particularly good story has to do with a Texan whose new job as cattle inspector involves him in the sudden, violent death of a Mexican cattle baron. Another introduces us to a poor country girl who longs for a house in town and dresses that don't have to be ordered from a catalog. In still another story a son, returning from Korea, finds that time and drought have turned the family ranch into a cracked, parched desert and his own father into a bitter old stranger.

As different from one another as these four books are, all four have at least one thing in common: they offer further proof that the best way to select a book for your youngster is to read it—or at least sample it—yourself. If you like it, odds are he will, too. A good book, after all, isn't necessarily a matter of age. Who would insist that only a child could enjoy *The Wizard of Oz* or that *Valley of the Dolls* is a novel for the truly mature? An inquiring thirteen-year-old might well relish the latter, however furtively, but I doubt that he could enjoy the former as much as I do.

Dennis Powers *is a free-lance writer and former book editor of the Oakland (California)* Tribune.

Pecos Bill *continued from page 13*

to demand that Mexico stop the raids, and if she failed, to declare war.

Confronted with the prospect of embarrassing action by the Congress, Hayes at length relented and in April, 1878, extended recognition to the Díaz government. But Mexico still would not come to terms on a border treaty so long as the offensive instructions to General Ord stood. And Ord, dramatizing the administration's determination to let the instructions stand, saw to it that the flag again appeared south of the Rio Grande—this time in a parade surpassing all others in ostentation.

Shafter went along, but not in command. For three years Texans had clamored for the return of Colonel Mackenzie and the Fourth Cavalry. Mackenzie had smashed the Kickapoos in 1873 and had cleared the Staked Plain of Kiowas and Comanches in 1874–75. Now once more Texans looked to the nervous, hard-driving young colonel for salvation. General Sherman acceded to their wishes, so firmly pressed by the Texas congressional delegation. Mackenzie took command of the District of the Nueces.

The Mackenzie expedition consisted of eight companies of cavalry, three battalions of infantry under Shafter, three batteries of artillery (including one of Gatling guns), Bullis's scouts, and a train of forty wagons—more than a thousand men. The plan was to march to Santa Rosa and establish a supply base from which to operate against the Indians.

Seizing the first opportunity to cross on a fresh trail, Mackenzie and advance elements of the expedition forded the Rio Grande above the mouth of Devil's River on June 12, leaving the main force to follow under Shafter. They reunited on the upper Rio San Diego five days later. From here, the column marched to the head of the Rio San Rodrigo and down that stream toward the Rio Grande. At Remolino on June 19 and again at Monclova Viejo on June Twenty-first, Mexican troops drew up to block the advance. Each time Mackenzie sent word that he was coming through; then, as the cavalry maneuvered, Shafter marched the infantry directly at the Mexican line. Each time the Mexican force gave way rather than court certain disaster by fighting the overwhelmingly superior aggressors. After thus twice humiliating the Mexicans, Mackenzie crossed the Rio Grande.

Blatantly violating Mexican sovereignty, the Mackenzie-Shafter expedition still further inflamed public opinion in Mexico. Rumors of impending war with the United States swept the capital. The Díaz government protested forcefully, pointing out that expeditions of this size and composition obviously had purposes other

than chasing a handful of Indians. The Foreign Office made clear that the invasion had severely imperiled the progress of treaty negotiations on the border issue. But Díaz kept the crisis in hand.

Although relations between the United States and Mexico remained tense for another two years, forces were at work that would resolve the problem. Díaz steadily consolidated his regime and gave undoubted evidence of its stability. Of compelling influence in Washington, he manifested a receptivity to American investment in Mexico that lined up American capitalists on the side of amicable relations. And on the border, raiding activity declined markedly, owing in part to the vigor of United States operations in Mexico under the order of June 1, 1877, and also in part to a series of campaigns undertaken by General Treviño in 1878—the latter, American officers believed, motivated largely by humiliation at repeated border crossings by United States troops. Díaz continued to insist on revocation of the June 1 order as the price of a reciprocal crossing treaty. With the conditions that had prompted it much alleviated, Hayes finally, in 1880, paid the price; and in 1882, following consent by the Mexican Senate, Díaz at last agreed to the treaty.

The balance of Shafter's frontier career was less active. He commanded west of the Pecos in the early 1880's, after the Apaches had been crushed. In 1891 he aided General Nelson A. Miles to tighten the blue ring on the Sioux "ghost dancers" in South Dakota after the Battle of Wounded Knee. Otherwise, he pursued a quiet garrison career more congenial to his great bulk than the demanding field duty of the 1870's—until the mortification of the Spanish-American War. He retired shortly after the "splendid little war," and at his death in 1906, at the age of seventy-one, was buried at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Pecos Bill had his share of character flaws, but he also had a will that overcame physical handicaps and made him one of the frontier Army's more effective leaders. He deserves to be remembered as a trail blazer in Texas, and even in Mexico, not as the ridiculous figure the press portrayed presiding over the mass pandemonium of Tampa and Santiago. ❧

Robert M. Utley, *chief historian for the National Park Service and past president of the Western History Association, is a member of the editorial board of* The American West *and author of* Frontiersmen in Blue: The United States Army and the Indian, 1848–1865 *(1967).*

SOURCES

Much of the official documentation of this story has been printed. Principal citations, in addition to the annual reports of the Secretary of War, are House Report No. 701, 45th Cong., 2d sess.; House Ex. Doc. No. 13, 45th Cong., 1st sess.; House Misc. Doc. No. 64, 45th Cong., 2d sess. Unpublished documents are in the National Archives and the Shafter Papers at Stanford University; the latter are mostly official in character. Among secondary sources of note are Ernest Wallace, *Ranald S. Mackenzie on the Texas Frontier* (1964); William H. Leckie, *The Buffalo Soldiers: A Narrative of Negro Soldiers in the West* (1967); James Parker, *The Old Army Memories* (1929); Charles J. Crane, *Experiences of a Colonel of Infantry* (1922); J. Evetts Haley, *Fort Concho and the Texas Frontier* (1952); J. Fred Rippy, *The United States and Mexico* (1926); Robert D. Gregg, *The Influence of Border Troubles on Relations between the United States and Mexico, 1876–1910* (1937); Kenneth W. Porter, "The Seminole-Negro Scouts, 1870–1881," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly, 55* (1951), 358–77; and Frank D. Reeve, ed., "Frederick E. Phelps: A Soldier's Memoirs," *New Mexico Historical Review, 15* (1950), 187–221.

Crystal Spring *continued from page 26*

Association's first organized meetings in 1860, would today find ample reason to echo his ringing condemnation of the blackguard, Booze: "I shrink from the attempt to add darker hues to the direful pictures of intemperance as they have been so vividly sketched . . . or to reproduce 'King Alcohol' in a new or more repulsive character. . . . From the hoary locks which hang in tangled masses over his bloated visage, to the extremities of his gouty toes, all his members have been dismembered. . . . He has been traced from his first seductive influence upon vigorous, ingenous youth, through all the intermediate stages of riotous debauchery and sullen sottishness, till the inexorable tyrant grins in horrible mockery, as he gloats upon his final triumph, over the poor victim of delirium tremens." ❧

Meanie *continued from page 15*

over to the next row each time the planter reached me. I liked the job because it gave me time to daydream. But there was to be no daydreaming today. As soon as Meanie and Blackie were hitched up, they started off down the corn row at a gallop. Instead of the usual monotonous "click, click," the planter sounded like a machine-gun. Pa clung to the lines and braced his feet as the horses went clattering down the field. I had barely time to move the wire over to the next row before they were off again.

"They'll slow down by the next row," Pa shouted as they tore away toward the far end of the field. But they didn't. Almost before I knew it, they were charging toward me again. For some reason, it didn't make Pa sore. He was sitting there on the careening planter, grinning

from ear to ear. "Looks like Meanie's got somebody that can keep up with her," he yelled as they turned.

Two neighbors going down the road, paused in astonishment.

"Great balls of fire," exclaimed one, "lookit them horses go!"

"Listen to that corn planter poppin'," said the other. "He'll have the whole field planted by noon at that rate."

"Row's mighty crooked," observed the first.

"Oh, well, you can grow more corn in a crooked row," laughed the other.

It was funny about Meanie and Blackie. By himself or with any other horses, Blackie was always the perfect gentleman, but Meanie seemed to bring out the gypsy in him. All she had to do was give the signal, and he was game for anything. They could get more work done than any other horses on the farm, and would behave well for weeks on end, but every so often they had to run away.

The time I remember best was when they were hitched to the hack to take a crate of Ma's prize Brahma chickens to town.

I had been sent ahead to open the gate at the top of the hill, and was picking wild flowers, waiting for them to reach the top. I thought that when they came in sight, there would still be plenty of time for me to open the gate.

But I hadn't figured on a runaway. Suddenly I heard the familiar clatter of hoofs accompanied by Pa's cussing, and I looked up to see them bearing down on me with the speed of a young tornado. I dropped my flowers and ran for the gate, but I was too late. The horses got there first, and sailed grandly over it. The front wheels of the hack cleared the gate, but that was all. There was a sound of splintering wood as the doubletree broke loose from the tongue. Pa let go of the lines, and Meanie and Blackie went pounding on down the road, leaving the hack hanging on the gate with Pa still in the seat, so mad I could almost see the steam coming out his ears. The crate of chickens fell out, and squawking Brahmas fled in every direction. At the time, I saw no humor in the situation, for I had to catch every one of those feather-footed fowls and put them back in the crate.

My brother always vowed that Meanie could think ahead. She never bothered Pa when she was tied in a stall, because obviously if she took a nip or a kick at him, she would get soundly walloped for it, and there was nothing she could do but stand there and take it. But one day Pa unhitched the horses, and while they were drinking at the watering trough, he went into the barn. Meanie came in and went to her stall, and he slipped her harness off without tying her up. Meanie, finding herself free and unfettered, and Pa unarmed, laid back her ears and made for him. Pa jumped into a manger and headed up the ladder to the haymow where we kids were playing hide-and-seek, but he was seconds too late. There was a ripping sound, and by the time Pa arrived in the loft beside us, he was minus the seat of his pants.

With murder in his eye, he grabbed a pitchfork and started back down the ladder. But Meanie knew when to attack and when to retreat. She ran out into the barnyard with Pa right behind her. We kids peeked through a crack in the barn, and held our hands over our mouths so he wouldn't hear us laughing. Round and round the barnyard they went, Meanie with her tail derisively in the air, and Pa using language that should have blistered the paint off the barn. All the while the seat of his long underwear, its buttons ripped from their moorings during his flight to the haymow, flapped like an unlatched cellar door in a cyclone. Meanie evidently decided he was getting too close for comfort. She jumped the gate and went barreling off down the pasture, while Pa stood shaking the pitchfork after her and swearing he'd sell her to the glue factory the very next day.

Whenever Pa turned the horses into the lower pasture, the first place they headed for was a patch of alfalfa at the far end. Meanie had a favorite way of reaching this patch ahead of the others. She would take a narrow path that lay along the top of a cliff above Coon Creek. This path was so narrow that all the other horses refused to walk on it, but she was sure-footed as a mountain goat, and the dizzy height of the trail bothered her not in the least.

One day after it had been raining for about a week, Pa turned the horses into the lower pasture, and as usual, Meanie started down her favorite path toward the alfalfa patch. But as she reached the narrowest part, the bank, softened by the prolonged rain, gave way, and she plunged thirty feet into the shallow waters of the creek, breaking her neck instantly.

My brother and I found her, and went to tell Pa. "He'll probably be just as glad she's dead," said my brother, "she was always causing him so much trouble."

But Pa didn't seem pleased. He looked downright sad. "Poor old Meanie," he said. "Homeliest, orneriest horse I ever saw in all my born days, but she had more brains and spunk than a lot of people I know. The place won't seem the same without her."

And we knew just what he meant. ❧

Helen Ellsberg *is a free-lance writer on such varied subjects as oceanography, Baja California, antiques, the Pacific Northwest—and horses. She has taught article-writing for seven years at the University of California Extension at San Diego, and is a contributing editor of the* Western Collector *magazine.*

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Membership in the Association is open to anyone interested in the history and culture of the American West. Membership is solicited, and inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, Arrell M. Gibson, Faculty Exchange, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069. Annual Dues $9.00 (including THE AMERICAN WEST and other association publications), Sustaining Member $15 annually, Patron $100 or more annually, Life Member $150 paid in a twelve-month period. Student Membership, $4.00.

The Rose Bowl . . . the Rose Parade. No, the right name for the festival in America's Garden of Eden was and is the *Tournament of Roses*. This New-Year's-Day shot, dating from the early hangover period, suggests the chivalric origin of the little-appreciated, late-nineteenth-century enthusiasm for fragments of the days when knighthood was coming up flowers. We have at hand firm information of jousting matches, conducted with all of the verbal protocol at the command of a Sir Walter Scott, held in the vales of West Virginia in the dying years of the century; we have seen representations of similar spectacles held in honest-to-God cowboy country during the same times. Little wonder, then, that the publicity flacks of the booming burg of Pasadena should have founded a nationally-known institution in a curious romance dedicated to the homage of selectable maidens. But why are the maidens bearing pikes? Is this kind of thing a good idea? Should the men go better armed?